

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,028



AUGUST 10, 1889

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,023.—VOL. XL.
Registered as a Newspaper

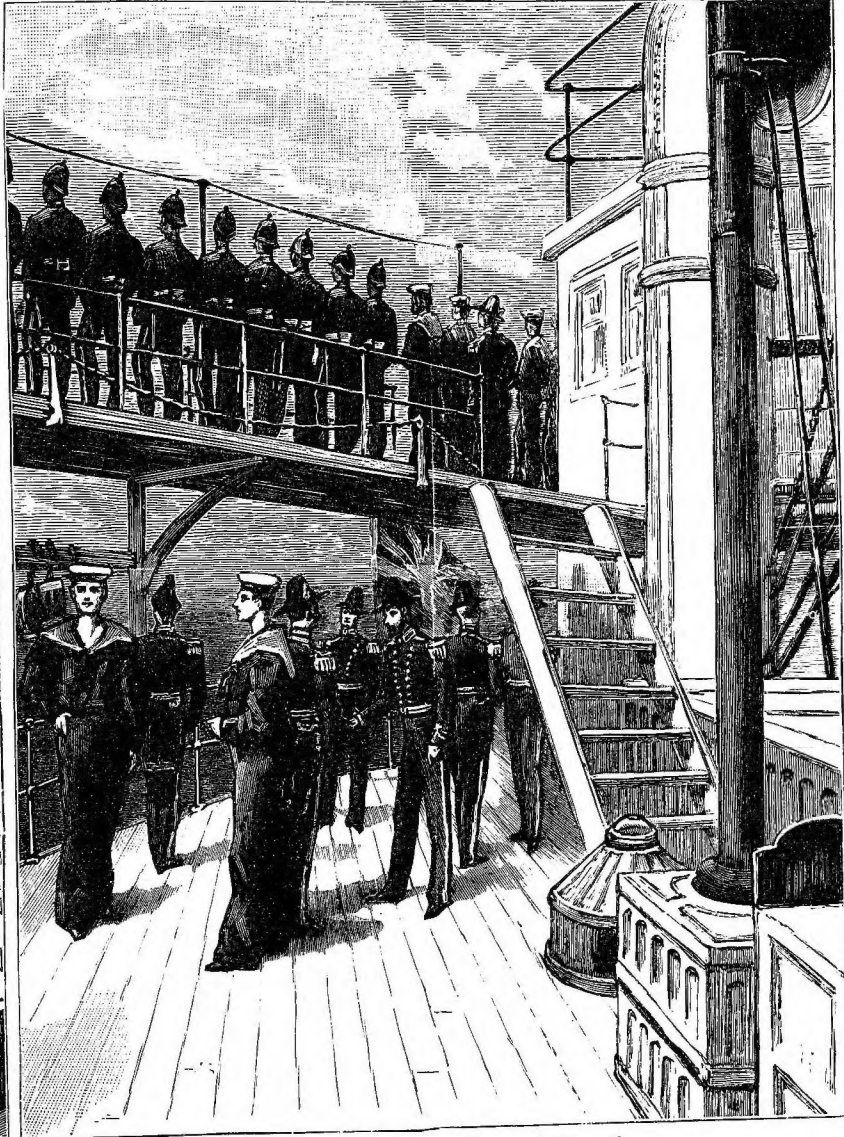
ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1889

THIRTY-TWO PAGES
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post 9½d.]



MANNING THE FIGHTING TOP OF H.M.S. "CONQUEROR"



THE FOREBRIDGE OF H.M.S. "CONQUEROR"



THE EMPEROR'S VISIT TO THE "TEUTONIC"—INSPECTING THE 5-INCH QUICK-FIRING GUN
THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AT SPITHEAD

Topics of the Week

MORE FIGHTING.—No one in England was much elated by the tidings of the victory at Toski. It was necessary, of course, that the Dervishes should be repulsed, but the necessity was a hateful one, and all political parties would be relieved if it were certain that there would be no further occasion for fighting on the borders of the Soudan. Unhappily, this is as far as possible from being certain. On the contrary, we may be absolutely sure that if we do not change our policy we shall often have to meet a like danger in precisely the same way. England has herself, and herself only, to blame for her troubles in this region. Had she retained possession of Berber and Dongola, the Mahdi's power would long ago have been broken. Many of the tribes over which he rules have submitted to him simply because they have not been able to help themselves. They would infinitely prefer to be independent; and if they could have trusted to British support, they would never have recognised his supremacy. It is urged that we should try to pacify the Soudan by conciliatory measures, and by the development of lawful commerce; and this is perfectly true. But we cannot even make a beginning in this direction unless we convince the Arab tribes that we are prepared to protect them against the Mahdi's tyranny. We must provide for them centres around which they would be able to rally in times of danger. They would then have a chance of living in accordance with their own ideas, and we might reasonably expect them to act as our allies and friends. There may be some obstacles in the way, but would it not be incomparably better to meet and overcome the difficulties, whatever they may be, than to have again and again to slaughter hordes of savage invaders? Mr. Gladstone's notions as to the proper way of dealing with the Soudan have been tried and found wanting. It is time, in the interest both of England and Egypt, that a plan should be adopted which is at once bolder, more prudent, and more humane.

THE IRISH CONSTABULARY.—It is to be regretted that the Government deferred the discussion of the more contentious portion of the Estimates until the fag-end of the Session. They neither saved themselves trouble, nor the country any of its precious time, by thus postponing a disagreeable duty. In any case there was bound to be a series of acrimonious discussions, and it would really have been more satisfactory for all parties if these discussions had taken place while the House was fresh than when it was jaded and longing to get away for its autumn holiday. The charges made by the Irish Nationalists and their English allies may practically be summed up under a single head, namely, that the Constabulary do their best to prevent the commission of various acts which the Nationalists regard as allowable, but which the law, not of Ireland merely, but of Great Britain also, persists in pronouncing to be illegal. An organisation (itself of doubtful legality) is established with the object of urging tenants to withhold payment of their rents. Many of these tenants are, individually, willing to pay their rents, but they refuse, because they fear the vengeance of the Plan and its agents. Thereupon evictions follow, and, as the advocates of the Plan counsel resistance, the bailiffs are compelled to call in the aid of the police to help them in carrying out their perilous duties. All the recent imprisonments of Irish M.P.'s, and the disturbances which in some cases have resulted therefrom, have arisen from this one cause—namely, that men have counselled unlawful deeds, and that Mr. Balfour has had the courage to strike at the leaders rather than at the subordinates. The complaints of the Irish Nationalists, logically carried out, would restrict the duties of the Constabulary to the repression of ordinary crime. And if so, why not extend the principle to Great Britain also, and forbid the police to interfere in any breach of contract whatever? Few persons, we suspect, except the raggedest "have-nots," would relish such a relaxation of the law as this. As for the Constabulary, Irishmen ought to be (and probably really are) proud of them. They are truly representative of the mass of the nation. Roman Catholics and Protestants are proportionately represented in their ranks, and they have shown such a combination of loyalty and efficiency—often under grievous discouragement from their political superiors—as to prove to any one who did not know it before, what a splendid fellow Paddy is when he does not listen to mischievous agitators.

THE "PROTECTION OF CHILDREN" BILL COMPROMISE.—It is comforting to reflect that the number of children who will be affected by the theatrical provisions of the Protection of Children Act is, after all, comparatively small. For opinion is so very much divided upon the subject. Many a man who has been converted by the letters of Mrs. Fawcett must have felt himself a good deal shaken when he read the counterblast from Mrs. Jeune in Monday's *Times*; and not a few of the Peers who were present at the debate on Monday night must have felt very much inclined to agree with the Earl of Dunraven one minute and the Archbishop of Canterbury

the next. Doubtless this uncertainty accounted for the passing of the compromise proposed by Lord Dunraven. This is to the effect that it shall be possible for stipendiary magistrates and a few other properly-constituted authorities to dispense with the conditions of the Act under certain exceptional circumstances in the case of children between seven and ten. This, of course, means (always supposing by no means certain) that theatres, where really satisfactory provision for the care and education of the children is made, will still be able to employ them. But we are rather inclined to hope that the Commons will not accept the amendment. Either the main principle of the Bill is a good principle or it is not. If not, the Bill ought to be thrown out; if it is, it ought to be carried without any whittling down. A dispensing power is always liable to abuse; and it is quite on the cards that, if the clause as it stands were carried, the dispensation would become the rule, and the prohibition the exception. No doubt a good many families will very greatly miss next winter the earnings of their younger members. But it is a generally recognised principle that parents should support their little children, and not little children their parents, and the Bill merely removes an anomaly which has existed since the passing of the Factory Acts. Still, whether the amendment be carried or not, no great harm will have been done.

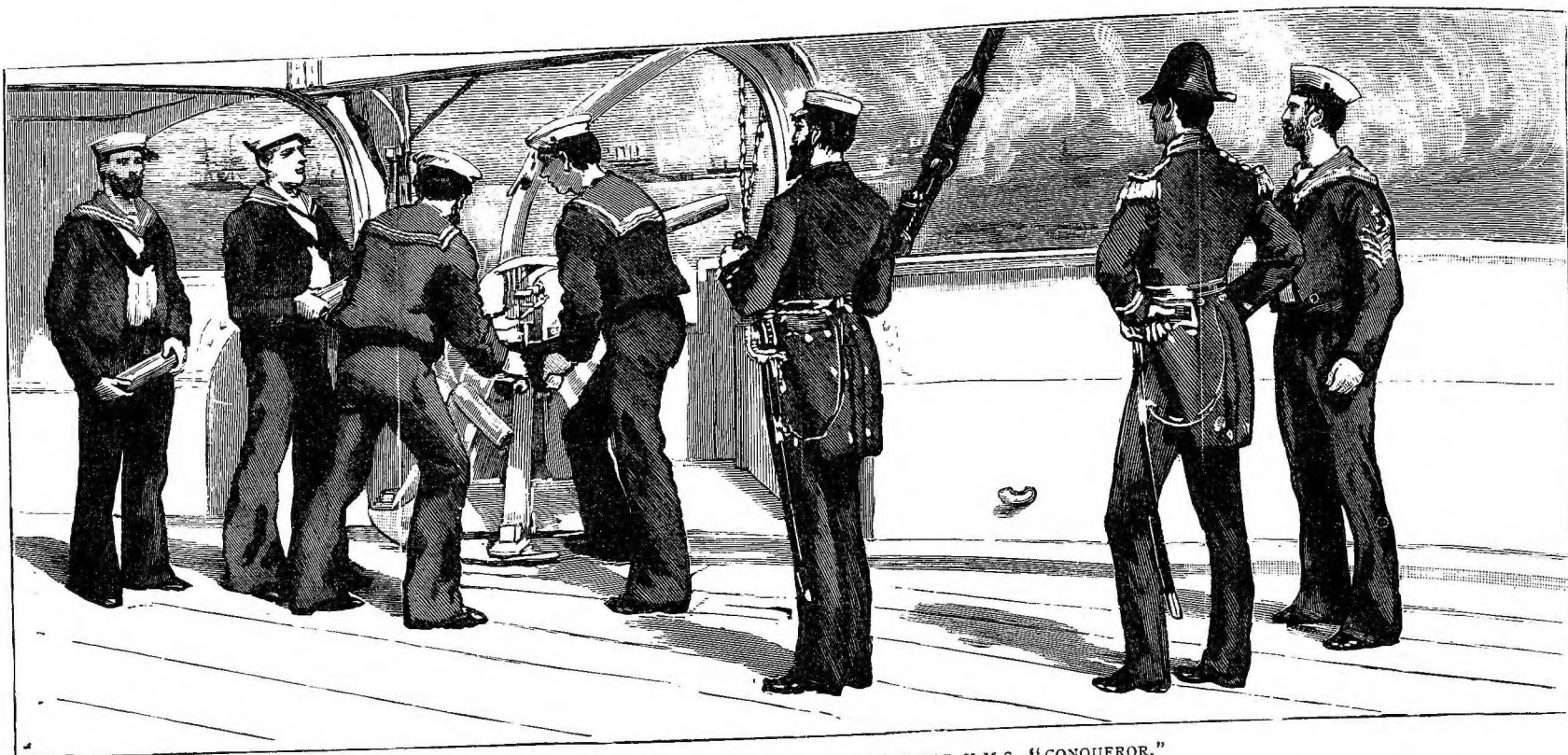
ENGLAND AND GERMANY.—The Germans are much pleased with the reception accorded to their Emperor in England, and certainly he has had no reason to complain of any lack of cordiality on the part of his hosts. The grandest spectacle that can be seen by any one who visits our shores was prepared for him, and on all hands he has been assured that this country desires to live on terms of intimate friendship with the mighty Empire over which he rules. These assurances, we need hardly say, have a solid foundation in fact. The supreme object of the foreign policy of Germany is the maintenance of peace. No doubt she would have much to gain by a successful war, but the cost, both in the lives of men and in treasure, would be enormous. Moreover, it is not, and cannot be, certain that she would be as triumphant in another great conflict as she was in her last struggle with France. The conditions have changed in the interval, and in the event of a new appeal to arms Destiny might have in store for the Germans some extremely disagreeable surprises. Very wisely, therefore, they are content with their present advantages, and Prince Bismarck misses no opportunity of strengthening the influences which tend to prevent the outbreak of hostilities. England cannot but sympathise with his aims, since, as all the world recognises, there is nothing she is so anxious to secure as a long period of tranquillity for Europe. It has often been suggested that the two countries should enter into a close alliance; but England has wide-spread interests by which Germany is only in a slight degree affected; and it is perhaps best, both for ourselves and for mankind generally, that we should retain our right of absolutely free action. There may, however, be a good working understanding without a formal alliance; and this there has been for some time, thanks both to Prince Bismarck and to Lord Salisbury. The Emperor's visit, by vividly reminding both nations of the ties by which they are united, has, it may be hoped, helped to intensify their mutual respect and good-will.

BRITISH RAILWAY ENTERPRISE.—Englishmen are wont to grumble—as is their nature—at various small railway shortcomings, but they know in their hearts that there is not such a service in any other country in the world for liberality, for convenience, and for speed. In these three virtues the French railways are still remarkably deficient, and when they have abandoned some of their old-fashioned unaccommodating behaviour it has generally been at the instance of some tourist-caterers, like the Messrs. Cook, or some English railway interested in developing transit in the direction of France. Even now the average French railway official cannot understand why passengers should not pay for speed, and he shrugs his shoulders at the misplaced generosity of those English companies which convey third-class folks at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Then, as for convenience, by which we mean frequency of service, where else in the world shall we find such a service as that existing between Liverpool and Manchester, with ninety expresses daily, and forty-five minutes allowed as the maximum time for performing the thirty-five and three-quarter miles? Not a few Lancashire folks must be still alive who can remember Chat Moss a quaking bog, across which even clever Geordie Stephenson would be puzzled to carry a locomotive. About constantly increasing speed we are less enthusiastic. But young people rejoice in it; it enlivens them as post-chaise travelling enlightened Dr. Johnson. And it is worth remembering that great speed necessitates a well-laid permanent way. Many of the Continental and (still more) of the American lines are defective in this particular. These remarks are suggested by an excellent article in Wednesday's *Times* on "Train Improvements." Read it, ye who have not read it, and be proud of the men who have accomplished such wonders. Be thankful also that Government has not yet bought up the railways, for a State Department would never have kept so completely abreast of the public demands.

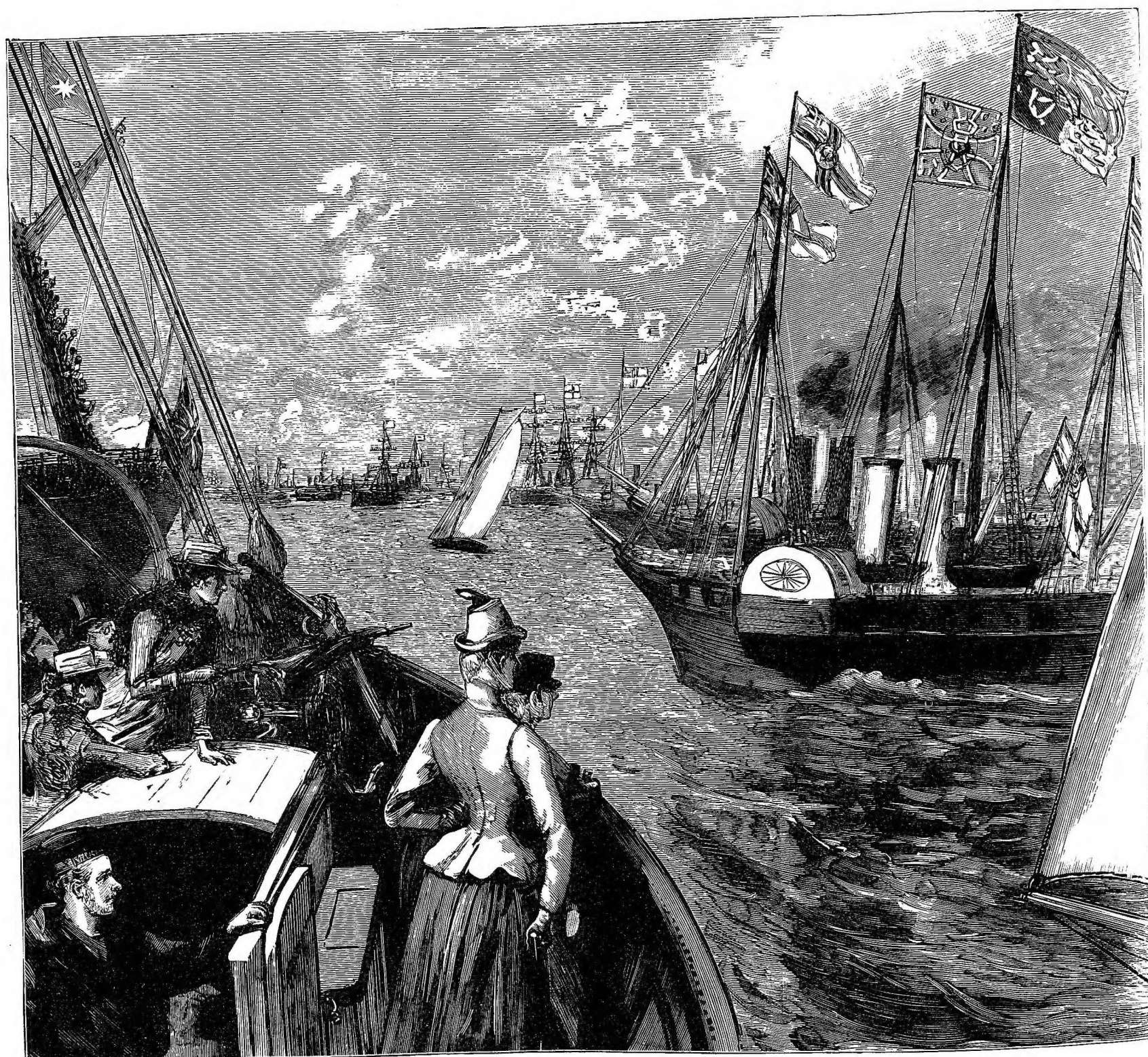
THE REVIEW AND THE MANŒUVRES.—When writing of the Naval Review last week we remarked that the officers of the British ships would have to remember that they would have the sharp eyes of the German Naval officers upon them, quick to note what was done amiss. Our visitors, however, can have found little to cavil at in the magnificent spectacle which was afforded them on Monday. No other country in the world, no other two countries combined, could exhibit such a splendid array of war-ships, and though William II. may have thought comparatively little of the military pageant which was provided for him later in the week, he could not fail to be struck with the fact that the owner of all those ironclads is an ally of no small importance. After all, however, the Review was really of less importance than the manœuvres of which it was the precursor. When it is remembered that there has been no Naval engagement, on anything approaching a large scale, for a quarter of a century, and that since then the whole conditions of the science have changed, it is obvious that this mimic warfare is of the utmost importance for giving our officers and seamen some idea of what they may expect. The Admiralty has fully recognised its usefulness, and this is now the third summer that Naval manœuvres on an extended scale have been in progress round our coasts. It is to be hoped, by-the-by, that too much publicity will not be given to the details of the operations. The public likes to know, no doubt, how its champions are acquitting themselves, but it is not necessary to let other nations into all our secrets, and expose all our weaknesses when such there be. The Naval staff of our neighbours are only too glad, we may be sure, to get hold of such information as that H.M.S. "A." cannot steam more than eight knots with any safety, or that "B's" heavy guns can only be fired on paper. They know quite enough about us as it is; and it is the worst sort of folly to suppose that, because we boast a stronger Navy than any other Power, we can afford to throw away any points in the game.

THE NEW SORBONNE.—The opening of the new Sorbonne buildings on Monday was a very impressive ceremony. This ancient and famous College is one of the institutions of which Frenchmen are most proud, and the Government took good care that the proceedings should be worthy of the occasion. Every University in the world was invited to send delegates, the State and the City of Paris offering to receive them as guests. The invitation was accepted by a large number of Universities, and at the great assembly in the new amphitheatre each group of representatives had a standard-bearer carrying the flag of his nation. On the platform sat the Head of the State, surrounded by ambassadors, French statesmen, and Academicians; and excellent speeches were delivered by several eminent men, including the Minister of Education and the Rector of the Academy. The ceremony may be taken as an indication of the high respect felt by Frenchmen for the influences that tend to promote intellectual growth. This has always been a prominent characteristic of the best minds in France, and, at a time when so much is being said against the Republic, it is only fair to remember that this aspect of the national temperament has been well represented by successive Republican Governments. They have worked earnestly to foster education in all its grades, with the result that France has to-day a larger class of more or less cultivated men than she has had at any previous period of her history. The credit of having made the arrangements for the enlargement of the Sorbonne is due to M. Ferry, and, although as a politician he is the most unpopular man in the country, this fact secured for him on Monday many hearty cheers. He will certainly have no reason to regret the part he played in the matter. The Sorbonne has been gradually adapting itself to the intellectual conditions of the age, and with its new and splendid buildings it will enter upon a fresh stage of its career. May we hope that London will ever have a teaching university that will take an equally high place among the educational institutions of the world?

CIVIL SERVICE PENSIONS.—The prolonged discussions on the Royal Grants Bill have caused the public to bestow a keener attention than usual on allowances of a kindred character. The total sum of these Civil Service pensions, it is true, is very small—only 25,000*l.* a year, or two-thirds of the additional income which has recently been voted to the Hereditary Apparent in order to enable him to make a proper provision for his sons and daughters. Petty, however, as the amount is in the aggregate, it ought to be distributed with a careful regard to the merits and needs of the various recipients. Few persons, after a perusal of the Return just issued, will be bold enough to allege that this condition has been observed. There are a good many people on the Fund who never should have been there at all: they were either not in such a state of need as to deserve public charity, or they should have been relieved from some other source. Others, again, may have been poor enough when their pensions were granted years ago, but they have since waxed prosperous; yet they cling to their Government money as firmly as limpets to a rock. How much more considerably are the well-to-do treated than the poor in such matters! Not long ago a very old woman was charged with being in possession of a sum of money while in receipt of workhouse relief. She pleaded;

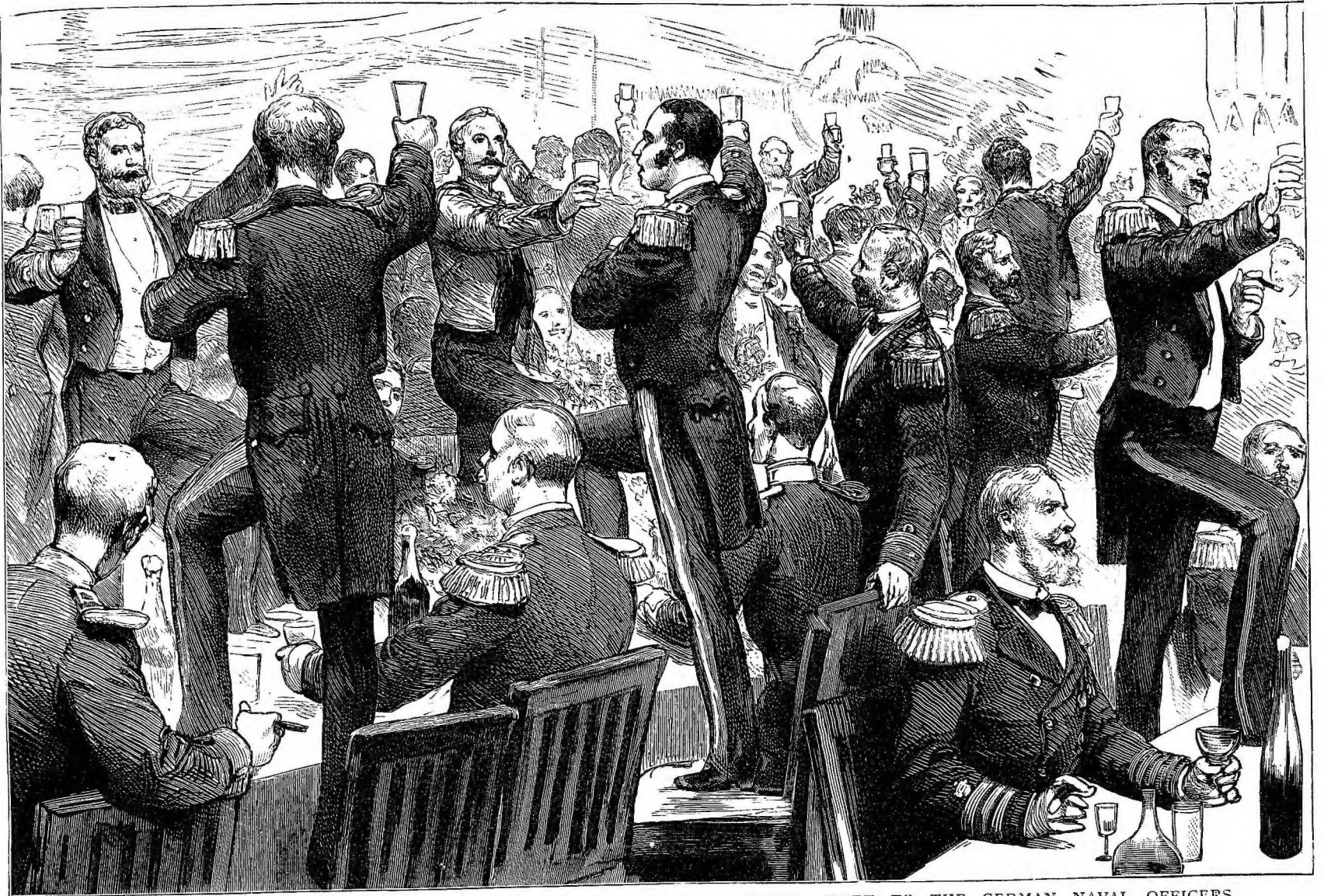


FIRING THE SALUTE WITH THE HOTCHKISS GUN ON BOARD H.M.S. "CONQUEROR."

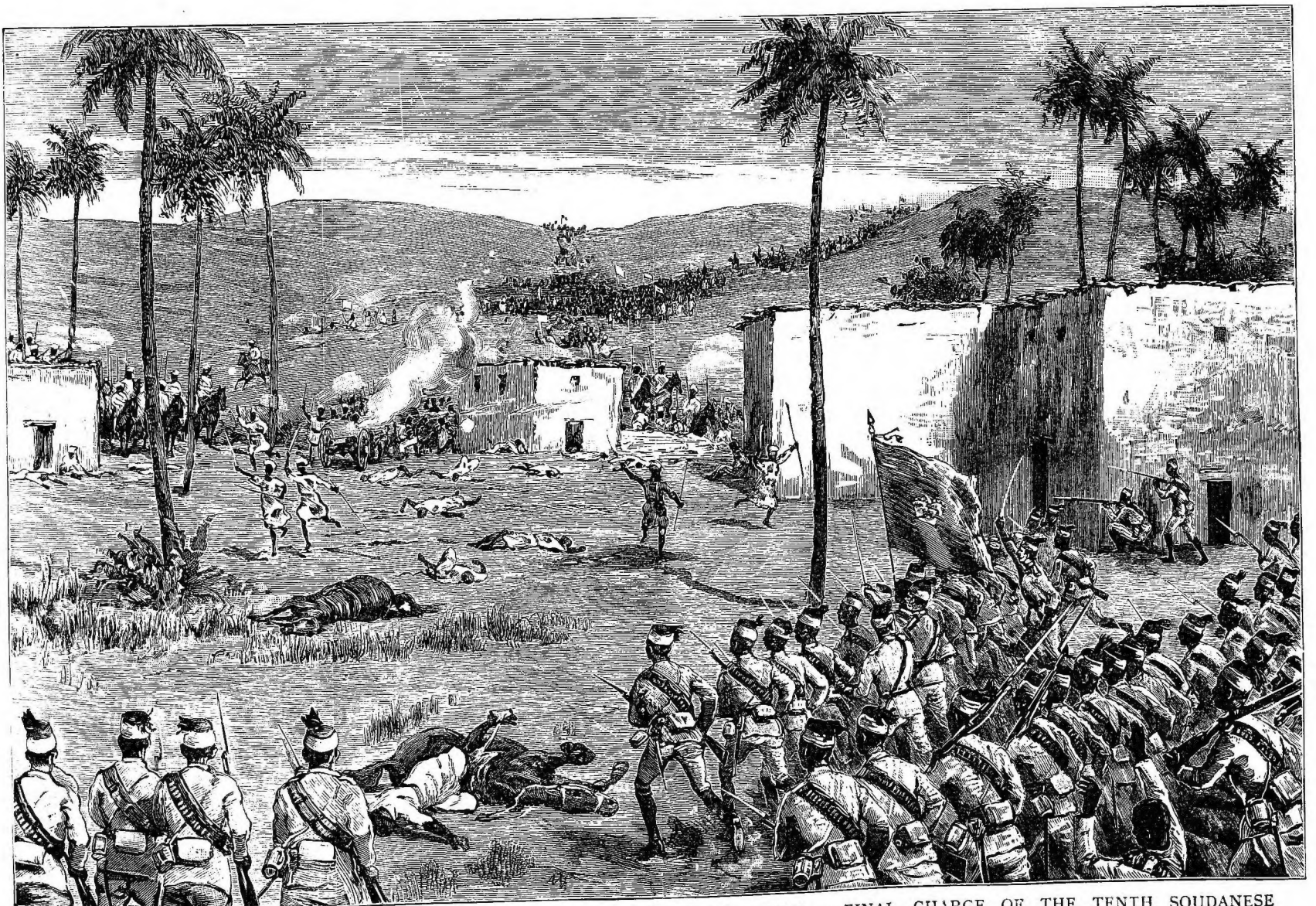


THE IMPERIAL AND ROYAL YACHTS APPROACHING SPITHEAD—THE FLEET SALUTING
 Sketched from the Steam Yacht *Santa Maria*

THE ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY



BANQUET GIVEN AT PORTSMOUTH BY THE OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH FLEET TO THE GERMAN NAVAL OFFICERS
THE TOAST OF "THE GERMAN NAVY"



THE FIGHTING IN EGYPT; AN EPISODE OF THE BATTLE OF ARGHIN, JULY 2—FINAL CHARGE OF THE TENTH SOUDANESE
AND CAPTURE OF ENEMY'S GUN

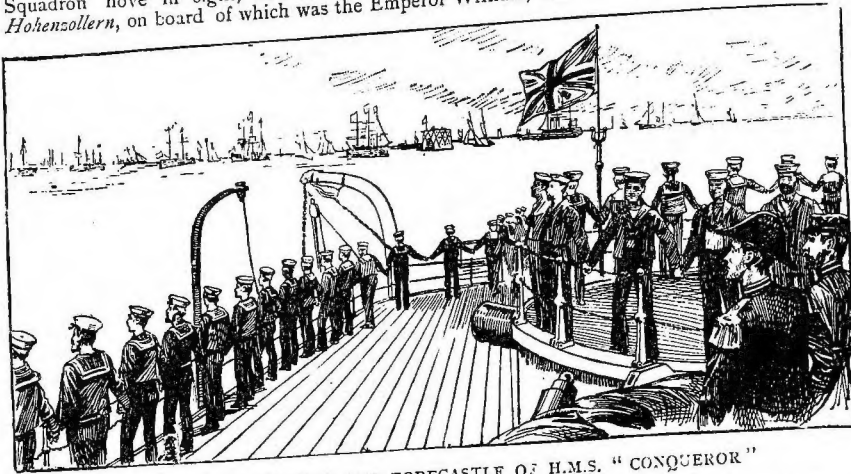
ship in the fleet shown to the Shah in 1873) with the *Howe* (commissioned for the first time this year) shows how soon the constant advance of science renders these sea-monsters comparatively obsolete. Suffice to say that the 35-ton muzzle-loaders of the *Devastation* class are represented by 67-ton breech-loaders in the *Howe*, which also possesses quick-firing and machine-guns, torpedoes and torpedo-boats, none of which were carried by the *Devastation* in 1873. Numerous operations, also, which were then performed by manual power, are now accomplished by hydraulic machinery. A second-class ironclad is defined as a ship with armour not less than eight inches thick, and a displacement not less than 8,500 tons. The nine second-class battle-ships are all old friends. They are the *Hotspur*, *Belleisle*, *Invincible*, *Conqueror*, *Rupert*, *Hero*, *Iron Duke*, *Monarch*, and *Hercules*. Lastly, there are two third-class ironclads, the *Black Prince* and the *Northumberland*, which resemble the old wooden frigates, and are consequently two of the handsomest looking vessels in the fleet. But these two veterans are adjudged to be unfit to fight in line of battle until they have been supplied with new engines, boilers, and armament.

During the inspection the vessels which attracted the keenest attention from naval critics were the armoured cruisers, both because they are the most recently constructed, and because they are intended to protect our merchant vessels from the attacks of privateers. The *Warspite* carries four 22-ton breechloaders, and has a speed of sixteen knots. Then there are the belted cruisers, the *Aurora*, *Australia*, *Galatea*, *Immortalité*, *Narcissus*, and *Undaunted*. They have a speed of eighteen knots, and are equal to anything of the same type afloat. Two older armoured vessels, the *Northampton* and the *Shannon*, complete the list of what are termed first-class cruisers. Of the second-class, there are fourteen vessels, of six different types, one only of which, the *Medea*, is absolutely new. Then come the torpedo cruisers, low-lying, rigged like yachts, with raking masts and funnels, delicately-pointed bows, and beautiful lines; and the torpedo-boat catchers, such as the *Spider*,

tipped the waves with foam, and sent the innumerable yachts and sailing-boats flying along. Portsmouth was crowded with visitors and beds were at a premium. About four o'clock the German Squadron hove in sight, and shortly before five o'clock the *Hohenzollern*, on board of which was the Emperor William, dressed

causing any serious inconvenience to their distinguished passengers. At the time, however, it was expected that, through stress of weather, the troopships would have to remain at sea, and for this emergency 600 beds and 1,000 blankets were prepared on board the *Euphrates*, but this calamity did not occur, so the lords and ladies were able to return to London by the special train provided. In the evening three hundred officers of the German Navy were entertained by officers of the British Navy in the Victoria Hall, Landport. Admiral Commerell presided, and the entertainment went off merrily, for if few of the Britishers could speak German, most of the Germans were well skilled in English. Sunday was another lovely day; the yachts, which had sought shelter during the gale, came out of their hiding places, and the ferry-boats and excursion steamers were crowded with sight-seers. The motto of the latter was "Round the Fleet, sixpence," and they reaped a rich harvest.

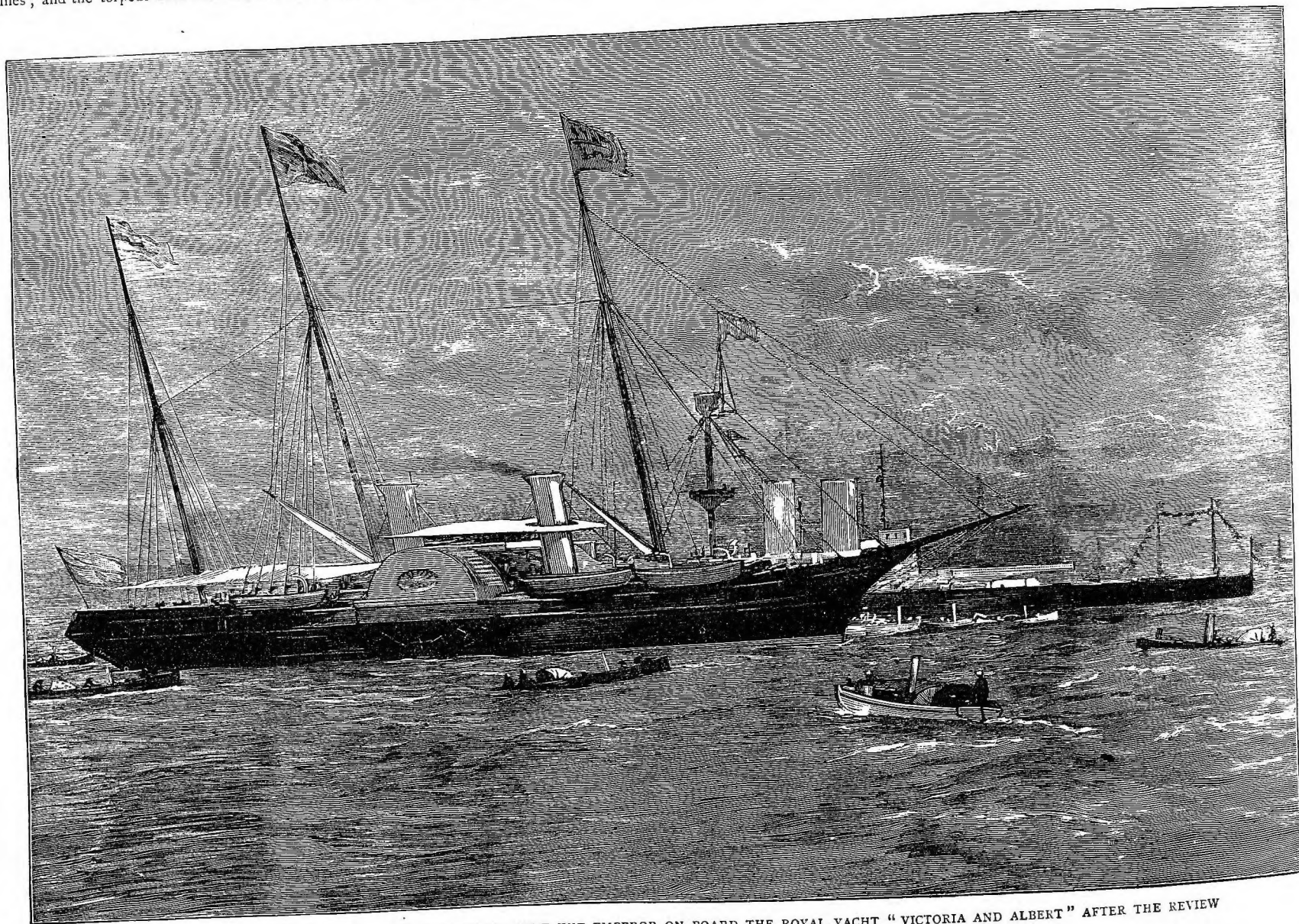
The eventful Monday began with rain, but it cleared off after seven o'clock, and a fair day followed, with occasional gleams of sunlight. A strong breeze blew, raising white horses on the sea, and causing the yachts to scud about double-reefed. The



MANNING THE TURRET AND FORECASTLE OF H.M.S. "CONQUEROR"

in a German Admiral's uniform, was met by the *Osborne*, conveying the Prince and Princess of Wales, their two unmarried daughters, and the Duke of Cambridge. Prince George of Wales was in command of No. 79 Torpedo Boat. From their high freeboard and fuller rigging, the German vessels presented a more imposing

German Emperor, who wore the uniform of a British Admiral, having been made an Honorary Admiral of our Fleet two days previously by Her Majesty, embarked with the other Royal personages on board the *Allert*, and then was transferred to the *Victoria and Albert*, on which were the Lords of the



THE COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE FLEET GOING TO VISIT THE EMPEROR ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" AFTER THE REVIEW

Rattlesnake, *San J'y* and *Grasshopper*. These last have a very vicious appearance. Four other cruisers form the training squadron for young seamen, and retain the trim spars and neat rigging of the old sailing ships. Lastly, there are the six coast defence ironclads, a few gun-boats and gun-vessels, and thirty-eight torpedo-boats, three of which—namely, Nos. 79, 80, and 81—are larger and more heavily armed than their thirty-five companions.

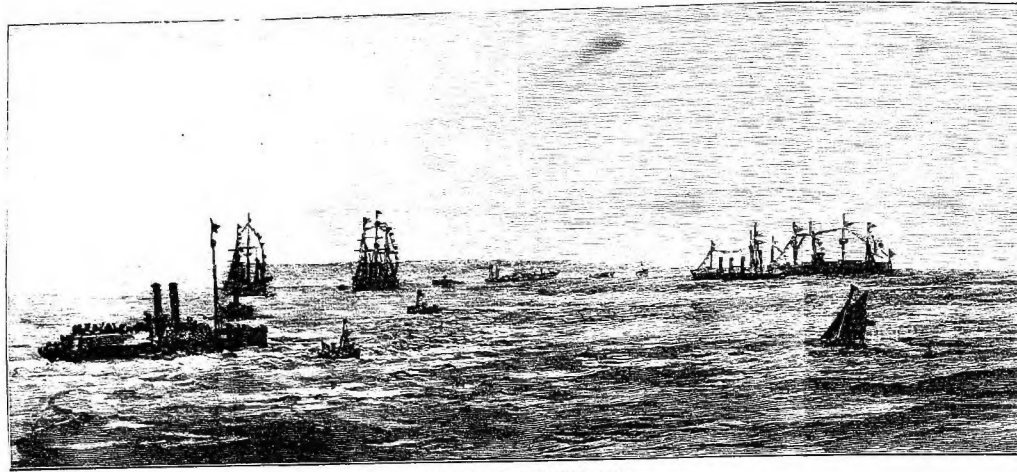
Nor should we omit from this hasty survey the magnificent White Star liner *Teutonic*, which, in virtue of her armament of four light guns, and of her construction in accordance with Admiralty requirements, flies the blue ensign of the Naval Reserve. This vessel has been built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff for Messrs. Ismay, Imrie, and Co. She is 582 feet long—the longest ship afloat—57 ft. 6 in. broad, 39 ft. 4 in. deep, and has a gross tonnage of 9,685 tons. She has a cutter stem, and relying wholly on her two sets of engines, the masts are little more than three bare poles without yards. She has a promenade deck 245 ft. long, and will accommodate 300 first-class, 150 second, and 750 steerage passengers. Several special safety appliances may be mentioned. She is fitted with twin-screws, and the machinery for working each of these is completely isolated from its neighbour by a continuous bulk-head. The doors between the engine-rooms and stokeholes are all duplicated, and close by their own weight, though, by means of an ingenious arrangement of a cylinder filled with glycerine, without violence. If water should flow into the ship, a simple adaptation of the domestic ball-cock causes these doors to close automatically. Eventually the *Teutonic* will carry twelve 5-inch guns, having a range, at extreme elevation, of over five miles.

Those who visited Spithead on Friday, August 2nd, were in every way favoured, for they had splendid weather, and saw one of the finest features of the whole display—namely, the approach of the German Squadron, and its passage down the long lines of the British men-of-war. It was, indeed, an ideal day, full of life, colour, and motion, a bright blue sky overhead, and a fresh breeze, which

appearance than our own vessels of similar class. Subsequent acquaintance with their officers and crews elicited the warmest commendation of their smart and sailorlike aspect. Reverting to the vessels, the *Sachsen* and *Baden* each have four funnels, and carry six 18-ton guns; the *Oldenburg* has eight 18-ton guns; the *Irene* is an unarmed corvette, commanded by Prince Henry of Prussia, and steaming eighteen knots. These were followed by the *Kaiser*, the *Preussen*, the *Deutschland*, and the *Friedrich der Grosse*, accompanied by the despatch-boat *Zieten*; the whole line being brought up by the three-funnelled despatch-boat, *Greif*. When the Imperial party disembarked at Osborne, the Queen, surrounded by her chief officers of State, received the Emperor on the terrace steps leading to the Royal entrance, and in the evening gave a banquet at Osborne House in his honour. Cowes Bay and Osborne Bay were at night rendered brilliant by the thousands of lights hoisted on board the yachts anchored there; and the gardens at the Queen's residence were gaily illuminated.

Friday's lovely weather was followed after sunset by the uprising of masses of threatening clouds, while the barometer fell rapidly. Saturday opened with driving rain and mist, while a strong gusty wind arose, which increased at times to the force of a gale. The weather was about as thick as it could be without a fog, and the ships of the squadron were for the most part totally invisible. After a good deal of telegraphing to and fro, it was decided to postpone the inspection till Monday. It was rather a comic incident that the journalists on board the *Seahorse*, the vessel placed by the Admiralty at the disposal of the Press, were about the last persons to learn this interesting bit of news. Although there was a heavy sea on at the back of the Isle of Wight, the Solent is so nearly land-locked that there was nothing which sailors would call rough water between the island and the mainland, and the three mighty troopers, the *Euphrates*, the *Serapis*, and the *Tamar*, on board of which were the Lords, the Commons, and Diplomatic representatives of nearly every nation, cruised steadily up and down without

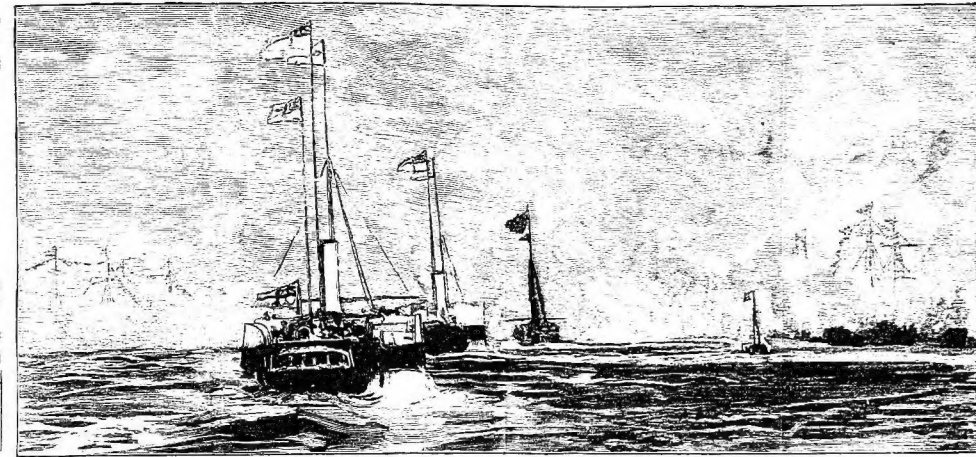
Admiralty. These vessels were followed by the *Hohenzollern*, the *Osborne*, the *Enchantress*, and the *Magdalena*, the latter conveying the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of London. Then, after the German Squadron had saluted and manned ship, the inspection began. The scene was one never to be forgotten. There lay at anchor a triple line of ships of war some two miles in length, all dressed in rainbow fashion, with their flags streaming out bravely before the stiff breeze. Upon each, the German and the English ensigns flew side by side. Owing to the strong wind, the Blue-jackets manned the rigging, but not the yards. As the Royal salute broke out all along the line, the noise and smoke could be seen but the mastheads and the streaming flags. Simultaneously the bugles sounded, and on all sides there echoed and re-echoed hearty cheers. As the smoke cleared away, it became possible to see the Blue-jackets waving their caps, and the Marines presenting arms. The Emperor carried out to the letter the programme which had been arranged for him, and successively passed all the vessels of which we have given some account in the preceding part of this article. Finally, the *Victoria and Albert* anchored abreast of the Commander-in-Chief's flagship, the *Howe*, on board of which were assembled, in full dress, all the Admiralty and the officers in command above the rank of lieutenants. As soon as the order was given, they went on board the Royal yacht to be presented to the German Emperor. Soon afterwards, the guns once more thundered to announce the landing at Osborne of the Imperial and Royal party. The great spectacle was at an end, and had passed off without serious mishap. The *Australia*, one of the belted cruisers, burst the main discharge pipe of her after-engine. The water poured in, but the leak was soon stopped, no injury resulted to life or limb, and, after a few days in dock, she will be able to take her place in the B Squadron. It may be mentioned in conclusion that the salutes are fired, not from the big guns, but from the quick-firing machine guns.



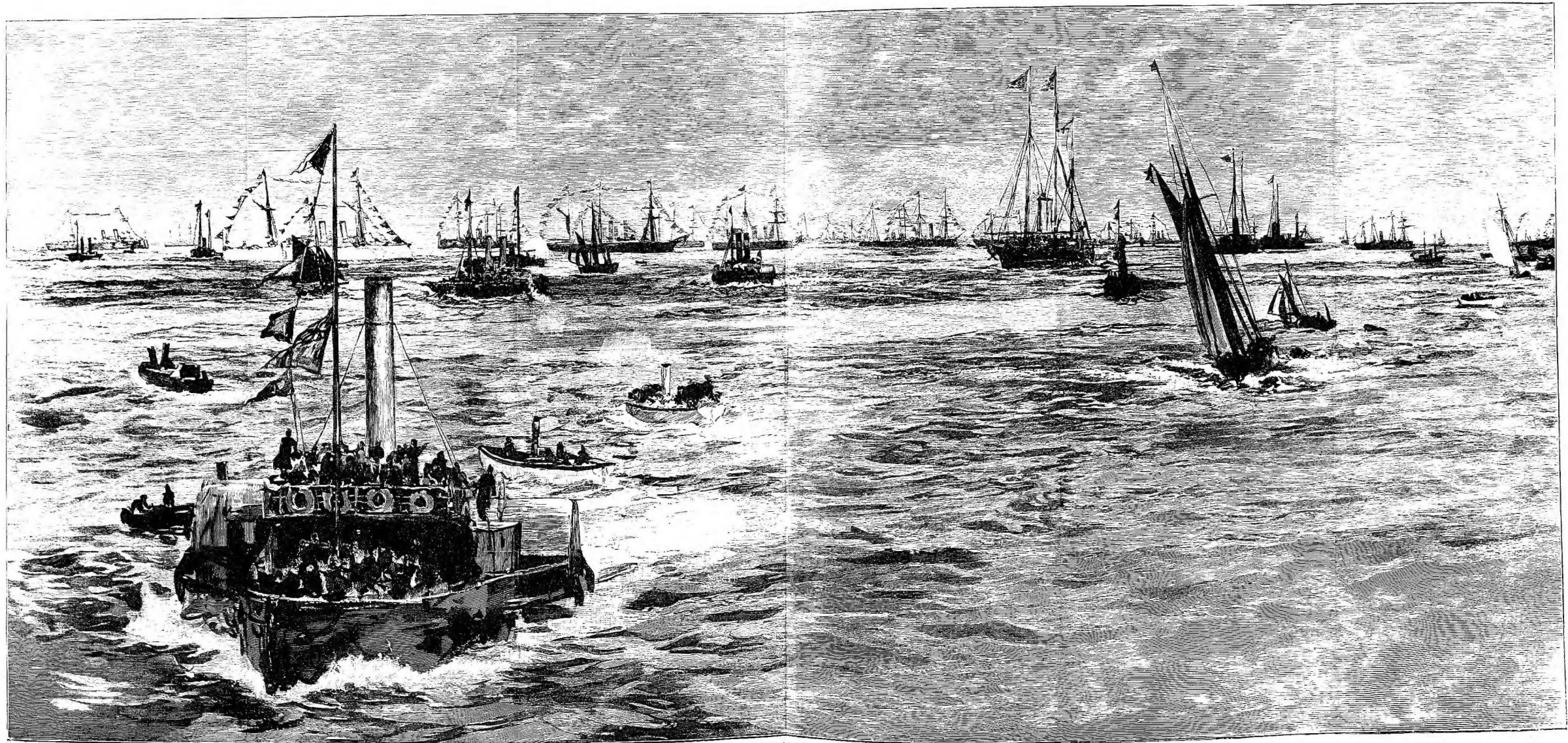
THE GERMAN SQUADRON OFF OSBORNE



THE "VALOROUS," GUARDSHIP AT OSBORNE, MANING YARDS AND SALUTING



THE FLEET SALUTING THE ROYAL YACHTS



THE ROYAL YACHTS PASSING THROUGH THE LINES
 SKETCHES AT THE NAVAL REVIEW
 BY W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.

COALING SHIP

THE officers and men of our modern Navy enjoy many comforts and luxuries which were unknown to their predecessors in the days of Nelson and Collingwood, but they have hardships of their own from which those heroes were free. When ships were propelled by sails only they could be kept clean. This is a less easy task now that steam rather than wind is the motive force chiefly relied on. Steam cannot be got up without fuel, and the taking of coal on board is an awful infliction. Fancy, gentle reader, that for two whole days your house and your most cherished treasures have been surrendered to an atmosphere of grimy, penetrating dust. These miseries are comically set forth in our sketches (by Mr. C. W. Cole, Fleet Paymaster, H.M.S. *Ratney*). We may venture to add that the officer who has fallen asleep is supposed to have slept so soundly that the coal-dust has settled all over him.

“THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS”

A NEW serial story, by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 165.

THROUGH LONDON BY OMNIBUS, VI.

See page 168

A MILITARY STEEPLECHASE

THESE sketches are self-explanatory. The attitude assumed in weighing betrays the difference between the novice and the experienced steeplechaser; then we have a specimen of the formidable obstacles which have to be "negotiated" in this pastime; the accident which too often follows; and, finally, the fair sex administering consolation to one or two of the riders whose performances have fallen short of their expectations.

"UNFIT FOR SERVICE,"

"BALL-ROOM DIFFERENCES."

"DEFIANCE,"

AND

"THE ADVENTURES OF JIM,"

See page 184.



THE GREAT FLEET AT SPITHEAD began to move about six on Tuesday morning. The lesser squadrons "C" and "D" steamed westward, followed by a number of torpedo-boats. Just after ten the huge battle-ships of the "B" squadron, Admiral Baird's, were moving eastward, and a noon Squadron "A," under Admiral Tryon, followed suit. Half an hour earlier, the Emperor William had embarked in the *Victoria* and *Albion*, and as the Royal yacht steamed along His Majesty had the satisfaction of inspecting these two powerful squadrons not, as before, at anchor, but in motion, the men manning the rigging, and cheering lustily as they passed, while the saluting guns fired once again an Imperial salute.

POLITICAL.—Mr. Gladstone was not allowed, or did not allow himself, a respite from speech-making, on Monday. To the usual crowd of excursionists at Hawarden on Bank Holiday were added a contingent of Irish female Home Rulers from Liverpool and of Radicals from Leicestershire, with them the Gladstonian candidate for its Loughborough Division, who came to receive a patriarchal benediction from his political chief. Mr. Gladstone made the excursionists a speech, in which, while boasting of the successes of the Opposition at bye-elections, he admitted regretfully that “the people of England do not always move as quickly as the friends of some great questions might desire.”—Members of the Unionist Associations, Liberal and Conservative, of St. Pancras, numbering nearly 2,000, had an “outing,” on Bank Holiday, at Lord Salisbury’s Hertfordshire seat, when that interesting old mansion, Hatfield House, was thrown open for their inspection. They were addressed by Sir Julian G. D. Mid and other M.P.’s, and a resolution approving of the policy of the Government was adopted.—Mr. Chaplin will, it is anticipated, be appointed President of the new Board of Agriculture, in which case there will be a vacancy in the representation of the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire. The Gladstonians intend to start as a candidate Mr. F. Otter, who in 1885 defeated Mr. James Lowther by a majority of 1,211 in the Lindsey Division. In the same year Mr. Chaplin defeated them in the Sleaford Division the Gladstonian candidate by a majority of 1,301, and at the last General Election was returned unopposed.

A CONSERVATIVE AND UNIONIST DEMONSTRATION was held last Monday (the Bank Holiday) in Lowther Park, Cumberland, under the auspices of the Northern Union of Conservative Associations. Special trains took about 6,000 or 7,000 people to Lowther, and they enjoyed a pleasant day in the grounds of the Castle and in the picture and sculpture galleries, which were thrown open. A public meeting was afterwards held in the park, at which Lord Lonsdale presided. Lord Lonsdale welcomed his visitors, and introduced Mr. Chaplin to them as a straightforward honest politician. Mr. Chaplin, referring to the Irish Question, declared that the party of repeal were losing strength, and consequently losing heart, while the cause of the Union was steadily and surely gaining strength in the country. He contrasted Ireland under Mr. Gladstone in 1880 with Ireland under Mr. Balfour now, and showed that there had been an enormous decrease of agrarian crime, boycotting, and evictions. Why, he asked, were evictions rendered necessary in Ireland? Not in consequence of the conduct of the landlords, because it could not be denied that under recent legislation the tenants of Ireland were protected by every legislative device from the harshness, tyranny, and oppression of landlords. The reason

why evictions were necessary was that, in spite of the advantages enjoyed by the Irish tenants, they were tyrannised over by the authors of the Plan of Campaign. Mr. Chaplin then referred to the Royal Grants Bill, and criticised Lord Randolph Churchill's recent speeches. The meeting was also addressed by Mr. W. Cavenish-Bentinck, M.P., Mr. W. Lowther, M.P., Mr. J. W. Lowther, M.P., Lord Muncaster, M.P., and Mr. S. P. Forster, who was introduced as the Conservative candidate for Carlisle.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL at its last meeting, before adjourning to the first Tuesday in October, debated a recommendation from its Committee on the Housing of the Working Classes, which involved the important question whether, in a particular case at the East End, the Council should undertake on its own account the erection of artisans' dwellings. Ultimately the matter was left to be reported on by the Improvements Committee. A form of theatre license, with rules endorsed on it, to be observed by managers, was adopted, and it was agreed that every programme distributed in a theatre should contain a plan of the auditorium showing the exits ordinary and special.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE is holding its Annual Congress at Norwich, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk.—The British Archæological Association have been holding their Annual Congress at Lincoln, and in the course of their usual antiquarian peregrinations visited Gainsborough, where the vicar is represented as reading to them from a bundle of unpublished Cromwell letters, "one from Cromwell's only sister, Mrs. Whitstone, containing a sadly expressed reflection upon her brother Oliver for the 'killing of the King.'" The letter is described as having "excited very great interest." According to Carlyle, however, not only had Cromwell several sisters, some of whom survived him, but Mrs. Whitstone, marrying a second time, became the wife of Colonel Jones, member for Merionethshire, who was himself a regicide. If there is no mistake about the matter, this lady's royalist sympathies must have been doubly outraged, since her husband, as well as her brother, was a party to "the killing of the King."

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Hospital Saturday Fund was first formed in 1874, when it produced only 25*l*. This year its net total product is 5,080*l*, 130*s*. more than was realised last year, and the largest result ever obtained.—The Chairman of the South London Polytechnic Institutes has received from Mr. Frank Morrison, of Kensington, the promise of the munificent donation of 10,000*l*. towards the Battersea Institute.—An appeal to the benevolent is made on behalf of the department of the Working Women's House, Westminster, in which young girls taken from poor homes are taught housework, cookery, and washing, so as to be fitted for domestic service. Donations are to be addressed to the lady in charge, 53, Horseferry Road, or to Miss R. Talbot, Hon. Sec., 42, Grosvenor Road, S.W.—The University of Edinburgh has conferred the honorary degree of D.D. on the distinguished Orientalist and Assyriologist Professor Sayce.—Three Englishmen, belonging to various parts of the country, each of them bitten by a mad dog, have been sent, at the expense of the Lord Mayor's Fund, to M. Pasteur's Paris institution for the cure of hydrophobia.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his seventy-sixth year, of Mr. Robert Wigram Crawford, for many years one of four Liberal members for the City, since his withdrawal from the House of Commons a Liberal Unionist, head of the firm of Crawford, Colvin, and Co., East India merchants, Governor of the Bank of England in 1870, and since 1850 one of its directors; in his seventy-second year, of Sir William Ewart, Conservative M.P. for Belfast from 1878 to 1885, since then M.P. for the northern division of that borough, in which he was a linen manufacturer and merchant, President of the Irish Linen Trade and Flax Supply Associations; in his seventy-ninth year, of Admiral the Hon. Thomas Baillie, who commanded the Squadron sent to the White Sea during the war with Russia, when he successfully blockaded the Russian Fleet; in his sixty-fourth year, of Mr. Thomas B. Gillies, Judge of the Superior Court of New Zealand; of the Rev. William C. Salter, formerly Principal of St. Alban Hall, Oxford; in his eighty-sixth year, of the Rev. Miles J. Berkeley, a zealous horticulturist, and author of several botanical works, among them a "Handbook of British Mosses;" in his eighty-second year, of the Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, of Edinburgh, in 1887 Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly, whose hymns are used in most of the Evangelical Churches, and who was well known as author and editor in theological and general literature; in his eightieth year, of Mr. John Macdonald, First General Treasurer of the Free Church of Scotland; in his forty-fourth year, of John C. J. Clark Bey, Superintendent at Alexandria of the Egyptian Government Telegraphs, who volunteered his services, which proved of much value, to the British during Arabi's rebellion; in or about his sixty-sixth year, of Mr. Thomas D. Hornby, for thirteen years Chairman of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, and well known at coursing meetings, being the owner of the famous dog Herschell; and of Mr. C. S. Bate, the well-known naturalist, among whose contributions to the literature of Natural History was a report on the *Crustacea Macrura* dredged by the *Challenger*.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY will attend the Cardiff Church Congress. His quadrennial visitation of his diocese occurs this year, and during the last week of October.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL, recently opening a Mission-room in that city, said that one great defect of the Church of England—and there was no use in concealing it—was want of elasticity. We wanted something more in these days than the Prayer Book and ordained clergy. People who did not go regularly to church did not understand the Prayer Book, but all could appreciate a simple hearty service. Indeed, he regarded such services as the first step towards bringing our neglected population to value the Church of England and become attached to her.

THE BISHOPRIC OF SYDNEY, the *Record* is "enabled to announce," has been definitely offered to the Rev. H. E. G. Moule, of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, and as definitely declined.

CANON LIDDON preached to a crowded congregation at St. Paul's, on Sunday, the first of a series of sermons on the Magnificat. It was not, he said, absolutely original, being largely modelled on Hannah's song after the birth of Samuel. Having pointed out in detail the similarity between the two hymns, Dr. Liddon referred to Strauss's criticism that if the Virgin's hymn was inspired from on high there would have been more originality in it, and remarked that the Holy Ghost was not bound to adopt the exact degree of originality which might approve itself to a modern literary man of a sceptical turn of mind.

SOME DETAILS respecting the contemplated pilgrimage of English Roman Catholics to Jerusalem, previously referred to in this column, are given by the *Tablet*. To promote and carry out the scheme a Committee has been appointed consisting of the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Clifford, Lord Herries, Mr. Arthur Moore, and Mr. W. S. Lilly. The expenses of poor pilgrims are to be defrayed

wholly or in part. The pilgrims will not set out before the spring, that season being most favourable in Palestine to the health of visitors. Cardinal Manning has expressed his warm approval of the pilgrimage, and the Pope has sent it his apostolic blessing.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Bishop Jones, the Metropolitan of South Africa, has returned home after fifteen months' absence, having collected more than 11,000*l.* for the requirements of the Church in that region.—The members of the English Church Union have subscribed 1,000*l.* to the Bishop of Lincoln's defence fund, and their President, Lord Halifax, appeals to them for an additional 500*l.* to be presented to the Bishop at Christmas.—A proposal, which in the course of a few months will probably be carried out, has been made by an influential member of the Society of Friends to celebrate the centenary of the death of George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, who died on the 13th January, 1690.—The death, in his ninety-first year, is announced of the Rev. George Tindal, of Driffield, the oldest Primitive Methodist minister in the connexion.—At the half-yearly general meeting of the London and Brighton Railway Company a resolution against affording facilities for Sunday travelling through excursion trains and cheap fares was rejected by an overwhelming majority.



THE TURF.—Goodwood enjoyed good weather throughout, and the sport of the last two days compared very fairly with that of the first two. Thursday was the Cup Day, but there were only two runners for the principal event, and Mr. Warren de la Rue's Trayles made a sorry example of the Duke of Beaufort's Latania. His Grace has accepted Mr. De la Rue's challenge for the Whip, by-the-by, and has named Benburb as his champion. Semolina secured the Prince of Wales's Stakes for the Duke of Portland, who during the last two seasons has won more than 80,000*z*, for nearly half of which Donovan is answerable. Riviera followed up her previous success by taking the Rous Memorial Stakes for Mr. Milner, and Gallifet secured a popular victory for the Prince of Wales in a Selling Plate. Baron de Rothschild's smart two-year-old Le Nord won the Molecomb Stakes next day, and Dog Rose repeated his Stewards' Cup victory in the Chichester Stakes, while Surefoot secured the Findon Stakes. Of the six runners for the Goodwood Stakes Millstream was most in demand, but could only get third, and the race fell to Ingram, with Tissaphernes second. Ingram is the property of Mr. Alec Taylor, and is the seventh winner of this race that he has trained.

There was racing at Croydon and Four Oaks Park on Bank Holiday, but at neither did anything of importance occur, and the same remark applies to the two days' sport at Ripon St. Wilfrid. On Tuesday "the Sussex fortnight" was continued at Brighton. The principal event, the Brighton Stakes, fell to Lord Cholmondeley's Polydor, with True Blue II. second; while the Shoreham Two-Year-Old Stakes were taken by Lowland, and the Corporation Stakes by Biondina. Mellifont, ridden by his owner, Mr. Abington, easily secured the Patcham Plate. Next day in the Pavilion Stakes Mellifont scored again, and the same owner's Maynooth won the Ovingdean Plate. That unlucky old beast, The Baron, seemed to have regained some of his ancient form, for in the Brighton Cup he won pretty easily from Vasistas, the winner of the Grand Prix.

CRICKET.—Canterbury Week opened on Monday, in weather more suggestive of April than August. However, Kent managed to make 256 in their only innings, and, by means of some good bowling by Wright, to get rid of Middlesex for 90 and 111. The chief interest of the week, however, centred in the return match between Notts and Surrey at the Oval. Surrey made the respectable total of 172 in their first innings; and then, by some bad mistakes in the field, allowed their opponents to get within thirteen of them. In their second innings Surrey made 205 for eight wickets (Lockwood 83), and then declared their innings closed, but the Notts men could do nothing with Lohmann's bowling, and were all out for 84, thus experiencing their first defeat of the season. Each of the antagonists had on a match last week. Surrey beat Kent at Blackheath by seven wickets; while Notts, in the usual way, beat Gloucestershire by an innings. The Western County, however, revenged itself in Sussex this week, Dr. W. G. Grace (who was to be "banqueted" at Canterbury on Thursday) being in exceptionally good form both with bat and ball.—Yorkshire suffered yet another defeat last week at the hands of Lancashire, for which Mr. Hornby made 78.—The Philadelphians have been doing rather better lately. Chiefly owing to two fine not-out innings of 35 and 106 respectively made by Mr. G. S. Patterson, they managed to beat the Gentlemen of Hants by two runs; and they afterwards played draws with the United Services, who scored 428 (Lieutenant H. E. A. Hamilton 203), and the Gentlemen of Sussex.—Marlborough beat Rugby at Lord's last week.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. T. D. Hornby, the well-known patron of coursing, and the owner of the celebrated Herschell, who has performed so prominently in the last three Waterloo Cups, died last week, aged sixty-seven.—Doggett's Coat and Badge was rowed last week, and won by G. M. Green, of Barnes, who showed much better form than any of his antagonists.—In the final match for the Lawn Tennis Association Challenge Cup, played on Saturday at the Queen's Club, the All England Club just managed to wrest the victory from the Whitehouse Club (Edinburgh). Messrs. W. Renshaw and H. F. Lawford were included in the All England team.—The Ten Miles Professional Bicycling Championship was won on Saturday by Ralph Temple.—A game of baseball has lately been played at Richmond.—Sullivan and Kilrain have both been arrested to answer for their part in the recent fight.

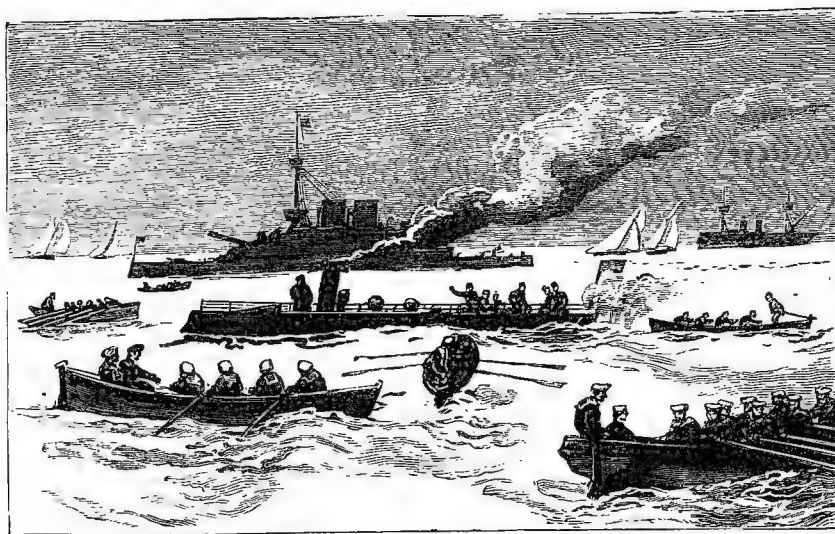
PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—Now that the Exhibition has entered its fourth month of existence it attracts more visitors than ever. The admissions for the last fortnight of July exceeded 2,000,000, and brought up the total since the opening to 10,022,620. This exceeds the total of 1878 during the same period by nearly 5,000,000. It must be remembered, however, that at special *fêtes* several tickets are used by one person, and so the number of admissions considerably exceeds the actual visitors. The Eiffel Tower receipts, from May 15th to July 30th, amount to 96,867*l.*, and the crowds continue so great that the lifts are being enlarged to accommodate more passengers, and so obviate the long waits. The Shah was greatly interested in the Tower, and bought innumerable reproductions of all sorts and sizes. He was afraid to ascend, however, and only after much persuasion was induced to climb up to the first platform, steadily refusing to use the lift. Thence he sent some of his suite to the top, but would go no further himself. The *Figaro* printed a special Franco-Persian edition on the Tower to commemorate His Majesty's visit. A grand French military musical festival took place on Sunday, but was held in the Palais de l'Industrie instead of the Trocadéro, where the minor competitions take place. Some of the tropical aborigines are tired of the Exhibition and want to go home. The Tunisian Arab riders, who executed intricate manœuvres on horseback, have already gone back.



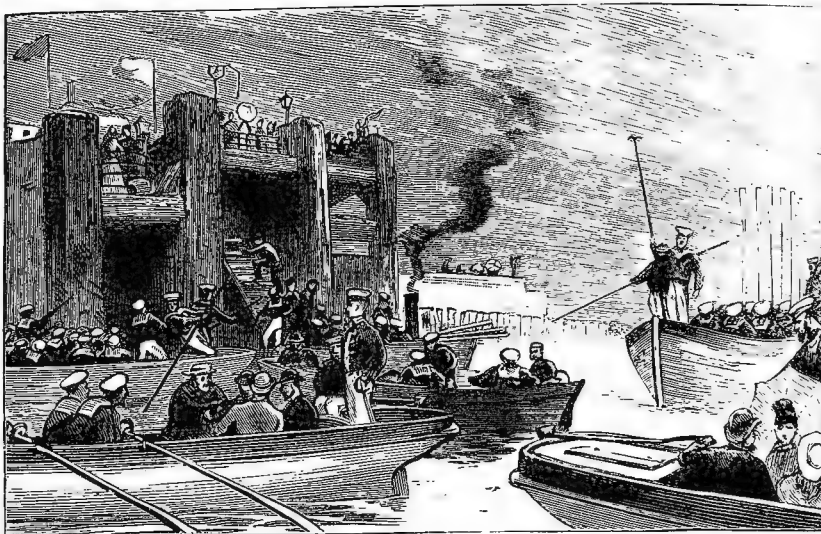
WITH THE LORDS ON BOARD H.M.S. "EUPHRATES"—A MAIN DECK VIEW OF THE ENGLISH ARMADA



HOW SOME OF THE LORDS SAW THE ROYAL NAVY ON SATURDAY
A Sketch on Board H.M.S. *Euphrates*

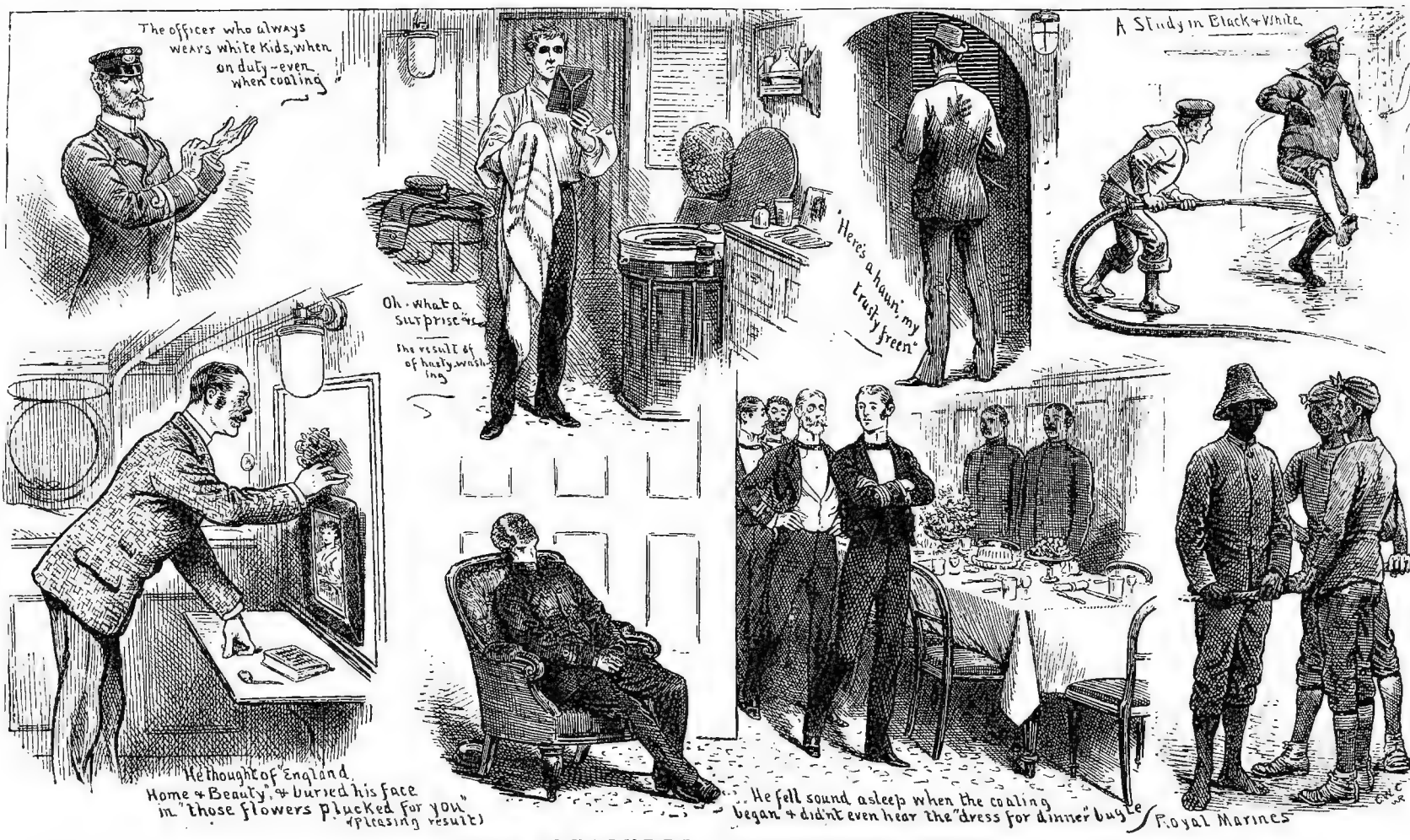


ARRIVAL OF THE SPITHEAD MAIL.
A Sketch from the Second Deck of H.M.S. *Rotary*



TAKING VISITORS OFF FOR THE FLEET—VICTORIA PIER

WITH THE FLEET AT SPITHEAD



THE PLEASURES OF COALING SHIP



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

They were now arrived at the doctor's house.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &C.

CHAPTER IV.

COUNTRY AND TOWN

On this Sunday morning, when all the good people had gone to church, there was no sign of life on these far-stretching Winstead Downs. The yellow roads intersecting the undulations of black-and-golden gorse were undisturbed by even a solitary tramp; so that Lionel Moore and his friend Mangan, as they idly walked along, seemed to be the sole possessors of the spacious landscape. It was a beautiful morning, warm and clear and sunny; a southerly breeze stirred the adjacent elms into a noise as of the sea, caused the chestnuts to wave their great branches bearing thousands of milky minarets, and sent waves of shadows across the silken grey-green of a field of rye. There was a windmill on a distant height, its long arms motionless. A strip of Scotch firs stood black and near at one portion of the horizon; but elsewhere the successive lines of wood and hill faded away into the south, becoming of a paler and paler hue until they disappeared in a silvery mist. The air was sweet with the resinous scent of the furze. In short, it was a perfect day in early June, on a wide, untenanted, high-lying Surrey common.

And Maurice Mangan, in his aimless, desultory fashion, was inveighing against the vanity of the life led by certain classes in the great Babylon out of which he had just haled his rather unwilling friend; and describing their mad and frantic efforts to wrest them-

selves free of the demon ennui; and their ceaseless, eager clamour for hurry and excitement, lest, in some unguarded moment of silence, their souls should speak.

"It is quite a fallacy," he was saying, as he walked carelessly onwards, his head thrown forward a little, his hands clasped behind his back, his stick trailing after him, "it is altogether a fallacy to talk of the 'complaining millions of men' who 'darken in labour and pain.' It is the hard-working millions of mankind who are the happiest; their constant labour brings content; the riddle of the painful earth doesn't vex them—they have no leisure; they don't fear the hour of sleep—they welcome it. It is the rich, who find time drag remorselessly on their hands, who have desperately to invent occupations and a whirl of amusements, who keep pursuing shadows they can never lay hold of, who are really in a piteous case; and I suppose you take credit to yourself Linn, my boy, that you are one of the distractions that help them to lighten the unbearable weariness of their life. Well," he continued, in his rambling way, "it isn't quite what I had looked forward to; I had looked forward to something different for you. I can remember, when we used to have our long Sunday walks in those days, what splendid ambitions you had for yourself, and how you were all burning to begin—the organist of Winstead Church was to produce his Hallelujah Chorus, and the nations were to listen; and the other night, when I was in your room at the theatre, when I saw you smearing your face and decking yourself out for exhibition

before a lot of fashionable idlers, I could not help saying to myself, 'And this is what Linn Moore has come to!'"

"Yes, that is what Linn Moore has come to," the other said, with entire good nature. "And what has Maurice Mangan come to? I can remember when Maurice Mangan was to be a great poet, a great metaphysician, a great—I don't know what. Winstead was far too small a place for him; he was to go up and conquer London, and do great and wonderful things. And what is he now?—a reporter of the gabble of the House of Commons."

"I suppose I am a failure," said this tall, thin, contemplative-looking man who spoke quite dispassionately of himself just as he spoke with a transparent honesty and simplicity of his friend. "But at least I have kept myself to myself. I haven't sold myself over to the Moloch of fashion—"

"Oh, your dislike of fashionable people is a mere bundle of prejudice!" Lionel cried. "The truth is, Maurice, you don't know those fashionable people you seem to despise so heartily. If you did, you would discover that they had the ordinary human qualities of other people—only that they are better-educated and more courteous and pleasant in manner. Then their benevolence—if you knew how much they give away in charity—"

"Benevolence!" Mangan broke in, impatiently. "What is benevolence! It is generally nothing more or less than an expression of your own satisfaction with yourself. You are stuffed with food and wine; your purse is gorged; here's a handful of sovereigns

for you, you poor devil crouching at the corner! What merit is in that? Do you call that a virtue? But where charity really becomes a heroism, Linn, is when a poor, suffering, neuralgic woman, without any impulse from abundance of health or abundance of comfort, sets laboriously to work to do what she can for her fellow-creatures. Then that is something to regard—that is, something to admire—"

Lionel burst out laughing. "A very pretty description of Francie Wright!" he cried. "Francie a poor, suffering, wretched woman—because she happened to have a touch of neuralgia the last Sunday you were down here! There's very little of the poor and suffering about Francie; she's as contented and merry a lass as you'd find anywhere."

Mangan was silent for a second or two; and then he said, with a little hesitation—

"Didn't you tell me Miss Wright had not been up yet to see *The Squire's Daughter*?"

"No, she has not," Lionel answered lightly. "I don't know whether you have been influencing her, Maurice, or whether you have picked up some of her highly superior prejudices; anyhow, I rather fancy she doesn't quite approve of the theatre—I mean, I don't think she approves of the New Theatre, for she'd go to any other one fast enough, I suppose, if you could only get her away from her sick children. But not the New Theatre, apparently. Perhaps she doesn't care to see me making myself a motley to the view."

"She has a great regard for you, Linn. I wouldn't call her opinions prejudices," Mangan said—but with the curious diffidence he displayed whenever he spoke of Lionel's cousin.

"Oh, Francie should have lived in the fifteenth century—she would have been a follower of Savonarola," Lionel said, with a laugh. "She's far too exalted for these present days."

"Well, Linn," said his friend, "I'm glad you know at least one person who has some notion of duty and self-sacrifice, who has some fineness of perception, and some standard of conduct and aim to go by. Why, those people you associate so much with now seem to have but one pursuit—the pursuit of pleasure, the gratification of every selfish whim; they seem to have no consciousness of the mystery surrounding life—of the fact that they themselves are inexplicable phantoms whose very existence might make them pause and wonder and ask: no, it is the amassing of wealth, and the expending of it, that is all sufficient. I used to wonder why God should have chosen the Jews, of all the nations of the earth, for the revelation that there was something nobler than the acquisition of riches; but I suppose it was because no race ever needed it so much. And what new revelation—what new message is coming to the multitudes here in England who are living in a paradise of sensual gratification, blinded, besotted, their world a sort of gorgeous pig-stye—"

"Oh, that's all right," Lionel said, cheerfully. "Octavius Quirk has settled all that. The cure for everything is to be a blowing of the whole social fabric to bits. Then we're going to begin again all over; and the New Jerusalem will be reached when each man has to dig for his own potatoes."

"Quirk!" said Maurice Mangan, contemptuously: and then he took out his watch: "We'd better be getting back, Linn. We'll just be in time to meet your people coming out of church."

So they turned and walked leisurely across the gorse-covered downs until they reached the broad and dusty highway leading towards Winstead village. And then again they struck into a by-lane with tall hedges, the banks underneath which were bright with stitchwort and speedwell and white dead-nettle. Now and again, through a gap or a gate, they caught a glimpse of the lush meadows golden with buttercups: in one of them there was a small black pony standing in the shadow of a wide-spreading elm. They passed some cottages with pretty gardens in front: they stopped for a second to look at the old-fashioned columbine and monkshood, the none-so-pretty, the yellow and crimson wall-flower, the pæony roses. Then always around them was this gracious silence, which seemed so strange after the roar of London; and if the day promised to become still hotter, at least they had this welcome breeze, that rustled the quick-glancing poplars, and stirred the white-laden hawthorns, and kept the long branches of the wych-elms and chestnuts swaying hither and thither. They were not talking much now: one of them was thinking of a pair of grey eyes.

At last they came to a turnstile, and, passing through that, found themselves in one of those wide meadows: at the farther side of it the red-tiled roof, the grey belfry, and slated spire of Winstead Church just showed above the masses of green foliage. They crossed the meadow, and entered the churchyard. A perfect silence reigned over the place; they could not hear what was going on within the small building; out here there was no sound save the chirping of the birds and the continuous murmur of the trees. They walked about looking thoughtfully at the gravestones—many of them bearing names familiar enough to them in bygone years. And perhaps one or other of them may have been fancying that when the great, busy world had done with him—and used him up and thrown him aside—here at least there would be peace preserved for him—an ample sufficiency of rest under this greensward, with perhaps a few flowers put there by some kindly hand. The dead did not seem to need much pity on this tranquil day.

Then into this universal silence came suddenly a low booming sound that caused Lionel Moore's heart to stand still: it was the church organ—that awakened a multitude of associations and recollections, that seemed to summon up the vanished years, and the dreams of his youth, when it was he himself who used to sit at the instrument and call forth those massive chords and solemn tones. Something of his boyhood came back to him; he seemed again to be looking forward to an unknown future; wondering and eager, he painted visions; and always in them, to share his greatness and his fame, there was some radiant creature, smiling-eyed, who would be at his side in sorrow and in joy, through the pain of striving and in the rapture of triumph. And now—now that the years had developed themselves—what had become of these wistful hopes and forecasts? Boyish nonsense, he would have said (except just at such a moment as this, when the sudden sound of the organ seemed to call back so much). He had encountered the realities of life since then; he had chosen his profession; he had studied hard; he had achieved a measure of fame. And the beautiful and wonderful being who was to share his triumphs with him? Well, he had never actually beheld her. A glimmer here and there, in a face or a form, had taken his fancy captive more than once; but he remained heart-whole; he was too much occupied, he laughingly assured Maurice Mangan again and again, to have the chance of falling in love.

"Getting married?" he would say. "My dear fellow, I haven't time; I'm far too busy to think of getting married."

So the radiant bride had never been found, even as the new Hallelujah Chorus that was to thrill the hearts of millions had never been written; and Linn Moore had to be content with the very pronounced success he had attained in playing in comic opera, and with a popularity in the fashionable world of London, especially among the women-folk therein, that would have turned many a young fellow's head.

When they thought the service was about over they went round to the porch, and awaited the coming out of the congregation. And among the first to make their appearance—issuing from the dusky little building into this bewilderment of white light and green leaves—were old Dr. Moore and his wife, and Miss Frances Wright, who passed for Lionel's cousin, though the relationship was somewhat more remote than that. Maurice Mangan received a very

hearty welcome from these good people; and then, as they set out for home, Lionel walked on with his father and mother, while for Lionel's friend naturally followed with the young lady. She was not a distinctly beautiful person, perhaps, this slim-figured young woman, with the somewhat pale face, the high-arched eyebrows, and light brown hair; but at least she had extremely pretty grey eyes, that had a touch of shrewdness and humour in them, as well as plenty of gentleness and womanliness; and she had a soft and attractive voice, which goes for much.

"It is so kind of you, Mr. Mangan," said she, in that soft and winning voice, "to bring Linn down. You know he won't come down by himself: and who can wonder at it? It is so dull and monotonous for him here, after the gay life he leads in London." "Dull and monotonous!" he exclaimed. "Why, I have been preaching to him all the morning that he should be delighted to come down into the quietude of the country, as a sort of moral bath after the insensate racket of that London whirl. But no one ever knows how well off he is," he continued as they walked along between the fragrant hawthorn hedges, "it's the lookers-on who know. Good gracious, what wouldn't I give to be in Linn's place!"

"Do you mean in London, Mr. Mangan?" she asked, and for an instant the pretty grey eyes looked up.

"Certainly not!" he said, with unnecessary warmth. "I mean here. If I could run down of a Sunday to a beautiful, quiet, old-fashioned place like this, and find myself in my own home, amongst my own people, I wonder how many Sundays would find me in London! You can't imagine, you have no idea, what it is to live alone in London, with no one to turn to but club-acquaintances; and I think Sunday is the worst day of all, especially if it is fine weather, and all the people have gone to the country or the seaside to spend the day with their friends."

"But, Mr. Mangan," said Miss Francie Wright, gently, "I am sure, whenever you have a Sunday free like that, we should be only too glad if you would consider us your friends—unless you think the place too dreadfully tedious, as I'm afraid my cousin finds it." "It is very kind of you—very," said he. "And I know the old Doctor and Mrs. Moore like to see me well enough, for I bring down their boy to them; but if I came by myself, I'm afraid they wouldn't care to have an idling, dawdling fellow like me lounging about the place of a Sunday afternoon."

"Will you come and try, Mr. Mangan?" said she, quietly. "For Linn's sake alone I know they would be delighted to have you here. And if it is rest and quiet you want, can't we give you the garden and a book?"

"You mustn't put such visions before me," he said. "It's too good to be true. I should be sighing for Paradise all through the week, and forgetting my work. And shouldn't I hate to wake up on Monday morning and find myself in London!"

"You might wake up on Monday morning, and find yourself in Winstead," said she, "if you would take Linn's room for the night." "Ah, no," he said, "it isn't for the like of me to try to take Linn's place in any way whatever. He has always had everything—everything seemed to come to him by natural right; and then he has always been such a capital fellow, so modest and unaffected and generous, that nobody could ever grudge him his good fortune. Prince Fortunatus he always has been."

"In what way, Mr. Mangan?" his companion asked, rather wonderingly.

"In every way. People are fond of him; he wins affection without trying for it; as I say, it all comes to him as if by natural right." "Yes, they say he is very popular in London, amongst those fine folk," observed Miss Francie, quite good-naturedly.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of his fashionable friends," Mangan rejoined. "Being made much of by those people doesn't seem to me one of the great gifts of fortune. And yet I wonder it hasn't spoiled him. He doesn't seem the least bit spoiled, does he?"

"Really, I see so little of him," Miss Francie said, with a smile, "he honours us with so few visits, that I can hardly tell."

"No, he is not spoiled—you may take my word for it," her companion said, with decision. And then he added: "I suppose he gets too much of that petting; he is kept in such a turmoil of gaiety that its evil effects have no time to sink into him. He is too busy—as he said this morning about marrying."

"What was that, Mr. Mangan?" she asked.

"He said he was too busy to think of getting married."

"Oh, indeed?" she said, with her eyes directed towards the ground. "We—we have always been expecting to hear of his being engaged to some young lady—seeing he is made so much of in London—"

She could say no more, for now they were arrived at the doctor's house, which was separated from the highway by a little strip of front-garden. They passed in through the iron gate; and found the door left open for them.

"Well, Miss Savonarola," said Lionel, as he hung up his hat in the hall and turned to address her, "how have you been all this time?"

"I have been very well, Mr. Pagan," said she, smiling.

"And how are all those juvenile Londoners that you've planted about in the cottages?"

"They're getting on nicely, every one of them," said she, with quite an air of pride; and then she added: "When is your Municipality going to give me another subscription?"

"Just now, Francie," was the instant reply. "How much do you want?"

"As much as ever you can afford," said she.

He pulled from his pocket a handful of loose coin, and began to pick out the sovereigns. But Miss Francie, with a little touch of her fingers, put the money away.

"No, Linn, not from you. You've given me too much already. You give too freely; I like to have a little difficulty in obtaining subscriptions; it feels nicer somehow. But if my funds should run very low, then I'll come to you, Linn."

"Whenever you like, Francie," said he, carelessly; he poured the money into his pocket again; and bade Maurice Mangan come up to his room, to get the dust of travel removed from his hands and face, before going in to luncheon.

Then while Mangan was busy with his ablutions in this small upper chamber, Lionel drew in a chair to the open window and gazed absently abroad on the wide stretch of country visible from the doctor's house. It was a familiar view; yet it was one not easily to get tired of; and of course on such a morning as this it lost none of its charm. Everywhere in the warm breeze and the sunshine there was a universal rustling and trembling and glancing of all beautiful things—of the translucent foliage of the limes, the pendulous blossoms of lilacs and laburnums, the swaying branches of the larch, and the masses of blue forget-me-nots in the garden below. Then there were all the hushed sounds of the country—the distant, quick footfall of a horse on some dusty road; the warning cluck of a thrush to her young ones down there among the bushes; the glad voices and laughter of some girls in an adjacent garden—they, too, likely to be soon away from the maternal nest; the crow of a cock pheasant from the margin of the wood; the clear ringing melody of an undiscoverable lark. Everywhere white light, blue skies, and shadows of great clouds slow-sailing over the young green corn and over the daisied meadows in which the cows lay half-asleep. And when he looked beyond that low green hill, where there were one or two hares hopping about on their ungainly high haunches, and past that great stretch of receding country in which strips of red and white villages peeped here and there from among the woods, behold! a horizon as of the sea, faint and blue and far, rising and

ever rising in various hues and tones, until it was lost in a quivering mist of heat; and he could only guess that there, too, under the glowing sky, some other fair expanse of our beautiful English landscape lay basking in the sunlight and sweet air of the early summer.

Of course Lionel was the hero of the hour when they were all assembled in the dining-room—at a very sumptuously furnished board, by the way, for the hale old doctor was fond of good living and a firm believer in the virtues of port-wine. Moreover, the young man had an attentive audience; for the worthy old lady at the head of the table never took her admiring eyes off this wonderful boy of hers; and Miss Francie Wright meekly listened too; while as for Maurice Mangan, who was he in his humble station to interrupt this marvellous tale of great doings and festivities? Not that Lionel magnified his own share in these things: nay, he modestly kept himself out altogether; it was merely to interest these simple country folk that he described the grand banquets, the illuminated gardens, the long marquees, and told them how the Princess looked, and who it was who had the honour of taking her in to supper. But when he came, amongst other things, to speak of the rehearsal of the little pastoral comedy, in the clear light of the dawn, by Lady Adela Cunyngham and her friends, he had to admit that he himself was present on that occasion; and at once the fond mother took him to task.

"It's wicked, Lionel," she said, severely, "it's downright wicked to keep such hours. Look at the result of it all. You can't eat anything—you're not taking a mouthful!"

"But, you know, mother, I'm not used to luncheon," he said, cheerfully enough. "I have to dine at five every day—and I've no time to be bothered with luncheon, even if I could eat it."

"Take a glass of port, my lad," the old doctor said. "That will put some life into you."

"No, thanks," he said, indifferently, "I can't afford to play tricks. I have to study my throat."

"Why, what better astringent can you have than tannic acid?" the old gentleman called down the table. "I suppose you drink those washy abominations that the young men of the day prefer to honest wine: what's that I hear about lemonade? Lemonade!" he repeated, with disgust.

"It's home-brewed—it's wholesome enough; Miss Burgoyne makes some for me when she is making it for herself," the young man said; and then he turned to his mother; "Mother, I wish you would send her something from the garden—"

"Who, Lionel?"

"Miss Burgoyne—at the theatre, you know. She's very good to me—lends me her room, if I have any swell friends who want to come behind—and makes me this lemonade, which is better than anything else on a hot night. Couldn't you send her something from the garden?—not flowers—she gets too many flowers, and doesn't care for them; but if you had some early strawberries or something of that kind, she would take them as a greater compliment, coming from you, than if some idiot of a young fool spent guineas on them at a florist's. And when are you coming up to see *The Squire's Daughter*, Francie? The idea that you should never have been near the place, when I hear people confessing to each other that they have been to see it eight, and ten, or even a dozen times!"

"But I am so busy, Lionel!" she said; and then perhaps an echo of something that had been said in the morning may have recurred to her mind: for she seemed a trifle confused; and kept her eyes downcast, while Lionel went on to tell them of what certain friends of his were going to do at Henley Regatta.

After luncheon they went out into the garden, and took seats in the shade of the lilac trees, in the sweet air. Old Mrs. Moore had for form's sake brought a book with her; but she was not likely to read much when the pride of her eyes had come down on a visit to her, and was now talking to her, in his off-hand, light-hearted way. Maurice Mangan had followed the Doctor's example, and pulled out his pipe—which he forgot to light, however. He seemed dissatisfied. He kept looking back to the house from time to time. Was there no one else coming out? There was the French window of the drawing-room still open: was there no glimmer of a grey dress anywhere—with its ornamentation of a bunch of scarlet geraniums? At last he made bold to say to the Doctor—

"Where has Miss Francie gone to? Isn't she coming out too?"

"Oh, she's away after those London brats of hers, I have no doubt," the old gentleman said. "You won't see her till tea-time, if even then."—Whereupon Mangan lit his pipe, and proceeded to smoke in silence, listening at times and absently to Lionel's vivacious talking to his mother.

In fact, before Miss Francie Wright returned that afternoon, Lionel found that he had to take his departure, for there are no trains to Winstead on Sunday, and he would have to walk some three miles to the nearest station. When he declared he had to go, the old lady's protests and entreaties were almost piteous.

"You come to see us so seldom, Lionel! And of course we thought you'd dine with us, at the very least; and if you could stay the night as well, you know there's a room for Mr. Mangan too. And we were looking forward to such a pleasant evening."

"But I have a long-standing engagement, mother: a dinner engagement—I could not get out of it."

"And you are dragging Mr. Mangan away up to town again, on a beautiful afternoon like this, when we know he is so fond of the country, and of a garden—"

"Not at all," Lionel said. "I need not spoil Maurice's day, if I have to spoil my own: he'll stay, of course; and I suppose Francie will be back directly."

"I'm sure, Mr. Mangan," the old lady said, turning at once to her other guest, "if Lionel must really go, we shall be delighted if you will remain and dine with us—I hope you will—and you can have Lionel's room if you will stay the night as well."

"Thank you, I couldn't do that," said he, very gratefully, "but if you will have me, I shall be very glad to stay on, and go up by a late train. In the mean time, I think I'll walk to the station with Linn."

"And come back with a good appetite for dinner," said the doctor, calling after him. "We'll have something better than lemonade, I warrant ye!"

They have slow trains on these Surrey lines on Sunday: by the time that Lionel had got up to town, and driven to his room, and dressed, it was very near the hour at which he was due at the Lansdowne Gallery, where Lord Rockminster was giving a dinner-party, as a preliminary to the concert and crush that were to follow. And no sooner had he alighted from his hansom, and entered the marble vestibule of the Gallery, than whom should he descry ascending the stairs in front of him but Mr. Octavius Quirk!

"Lady Adela hasn't let the grass grow under her feet," he said to himself. "Captured her first critic already!"

Lady Adela was at the head of the stairs receiving her brother's guests; and the greeting that she accorded to Mr. Octavius Quirk was of a most special and gracious kind. She was very complimentary to Lionel also, and bade him go and see if the place they had given him at dinner was to his liking. He took this as a kind of permission to choose what he wanted (within discreet limits); and as he just then happened to meet Miss Georgie Lestranger, he proposed to that smiling and ruddy-haired damsel that they should go and examine for themselves—and perhaps alter the dispositions a little. So they passed away through those brilliantly-lit galleries (which served as a picture-exhibition on week-days) and at the farther end

The evening passed pleasantly enough. There were one or two

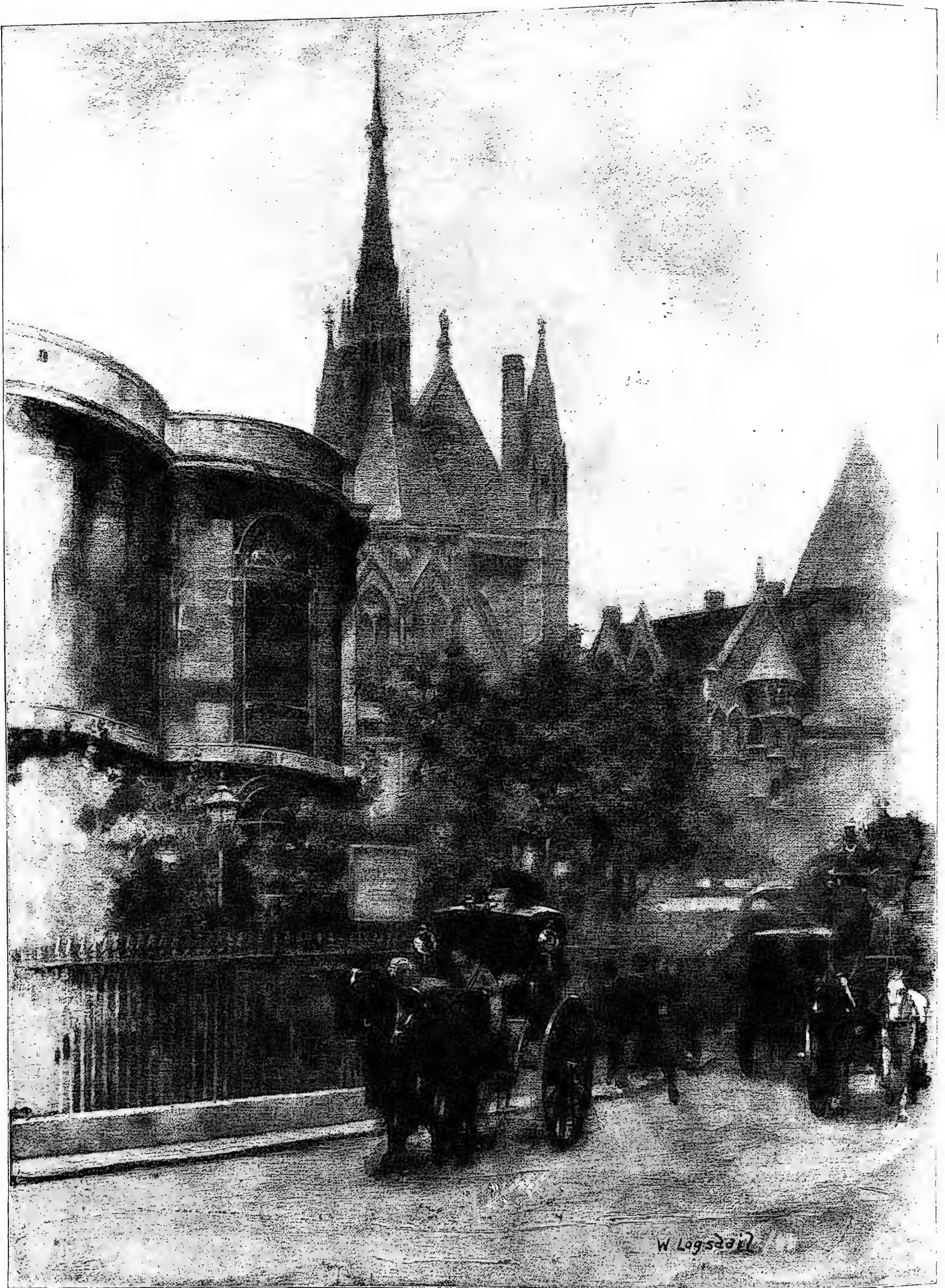
In good years the grouse is a fertile breeder, and nests containing nine, ten, and even as many sometimes as thirteen eggs are often seen. The parent birds, too, have the character of being careful and of training their chickens with tender care, hence if all

specially imported for the purpose, and a Paris firm are decorating other rooms. There is a tower 200 feet high, and altogether the mere building will cost twenty-five lakhs of rupees, without counting the interior decorations.

BIRDS OF SPORT—GROUSE

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THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA took home many European ideas from his late visit to England, and the new palace he is erecting at Baroda bears the mark of Western influence. The building is immense, the *façade* being 500 feet long, while the Durbar Hall is one of the largest in India. This Hall is roofed by an elaborate enamelled iron ceiling, with coloured arabesques and gold ribbings. Floor and walls are inlaid with mosaic work, executed by Italians specially imported for the purpose, and a Paris firm are decorating other rooms. There is a tower 200 feet high, and altogether the mere building will cost twenty-five lakhs of rupees, without counting the interior decorations.



THROUGH LONDON BY OMNIBUS, VI.

ST. CLEMENT DANES CHURCH AND THE LAW COURTS

THE GHOST OF TEMPLE BAR

SPEAKING of the Royal Palace of Justice—or "The New Law Courts," as the unwieldy, dark, and draughty pile is popularly called—we shall be again in front of it presently, and may begin to speculate on the probable survival of old Temple Bar, now that a gentleman in Essex has become its proud purchaser, and it is to form an ornament to his estate. But for the shameless audacity which led the Corporation of London to expend thousands of pounds on the grotesque effigy of a dragon, which took the place of the ugly old treble-arched structure, we might find occasion for congratulation that Temple Bar was doomed, especially as it had become dangerous to travellers on the top of an omnibus. It had little to recommend it, that gateway of stone separating the City from the County—not even antiquity, for the old Bar, which consisted only of posts, rails, and a chain, as Holborn Bars once

did, was succeeded by a house of timber, with a narrow gateway under it, and this was taken down in 1670, after the Great Fire, to make way for the dowdy structure, the Temple Bar of our time. This, as late as the end of last century, was the more hideous, from the barbarous exposure upon its summit of the heads of criminals executed for treason.

We can scarcely realise, even by shutting our eyes and giving the rein to fancy, what Temple Bar was like, when these grisly memorials mouldered above the gateway. When Johnson and Goldsmith visited Westminster Abbey, at Poets' Corner the former said to his companion,

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis

(Perhaps some day our names may mix with theirs).

On returning to Temple Bar Goldsmith, slyly pointing to the

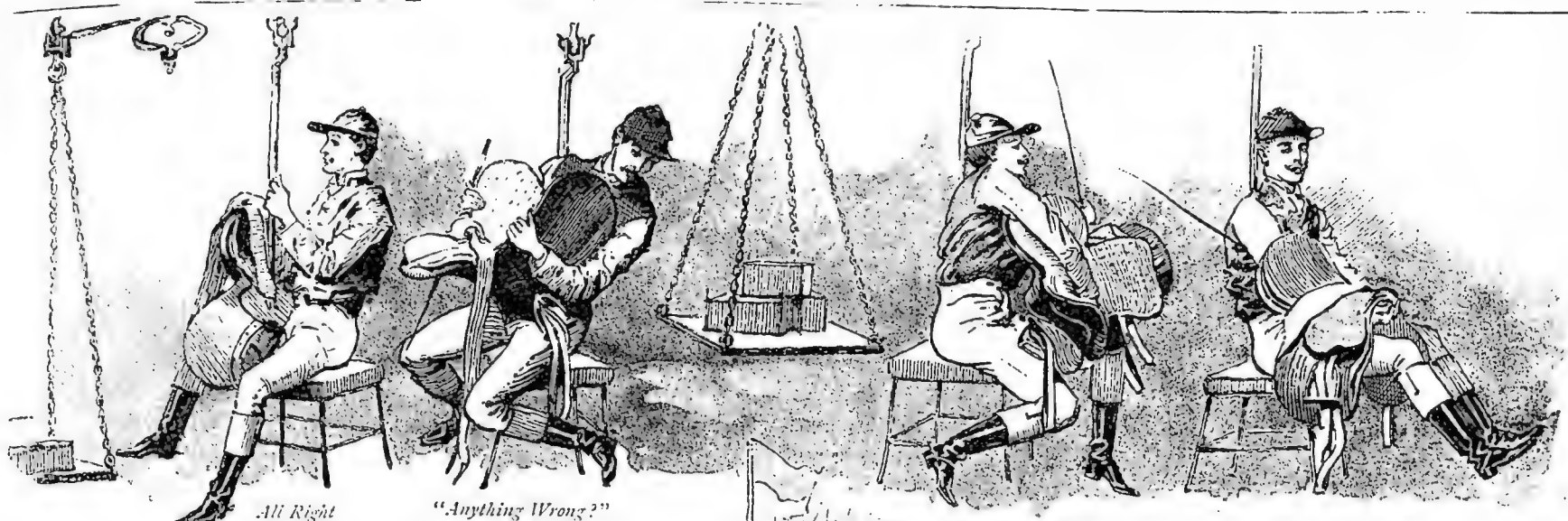
heads upon it, whispered, in allusion to the doctor's supposed Jacobite opinions,

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis

(Perhaps some day our names may mix with theirs).

But here before us is the church of St. Clement Danes, which Doctor Johnson attended.

For some years there has been a discussion as to the advantages of removing this church, which seriously narrows the Strand, especially as the mean thoroughfare of Holywell Street divides it from Wych Street, and the ancient and retired Clement's Inn. But the Church continues to exist in spite of repeated denunciations. If St. Clement Danes is removed, doubtless the church beyond it, St. Mary-le-Strand, near Somerset House, will have to go also, for it is less venerable, and is said to be insecure



All Right

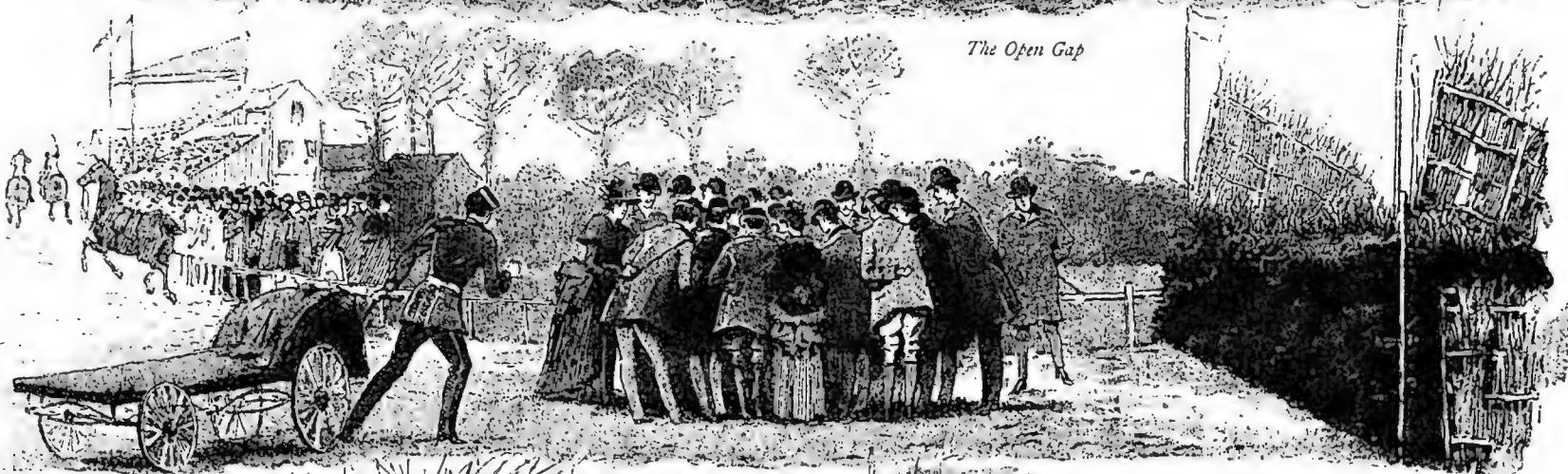
"Anything Wrong?"

One Who has not

And One Who has Weighed Out before



The Open Gap



A Bad Fall at the Last Fence



Twelve Feet of Water and a Low Fence



Fair Comforters

The meaning of St. Clement Danes is uncertain, but it has been asserted that Harold Harefoot was buried there, and also that Alfred gave this neighbourhood to the Danes, whom he had driven out of London. The church afterwards belonged to the Knights Templars, and Clement was the patron saint of their friend Pope Clement III. The present building was erected by Edward Pierce, under the direction of Wren, and ugly enough it is, but it is full of interesting memorials, and among them that of the famous Joe Miller, of jest-book fame, of whom it is recorded that he was "a tender husband, a sincere friend, a facetious companion, and an excellent comedian."

Boswell on the 9th of April, 1773, records how that day, being Good Friday, he breakfasted with Johnson on tea and cross-buns, and then went with him to St. Clement Danes Church, where his biographer was deeply impressed with the earnestness and solemnity of his devotions. There too, in April, 1784, the doctor went to return thanks to God for recovery from a long and serious illness. His seat was in the north gallery, near the pulpit.

The neighbourhood here has much altered during the last century, especially on the left, along which we are going. Instead of the present attractive windows in the intervening spaces between Essex Street, Milford Lane, and Arundel Street, there were only a few mean places. The avenue between the church and the houses was narrow and inconvenient, and the steep lanes down to the Thames were occupied by coal waggons coming up from the barges on the river, and struggling into the Strand. Gay in his "Trivia" says:—

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straitened bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low pent-house bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in the face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.

"Now, then, you Pickford, higher up; you was brought up a gardener instead of a coachman, wasn't you?"

Again the voice of the driver scatters our meditations, and as we have business at this very spot—at the office of *The Graphic*—we will get down from the top of our omnibus as best we may.

T. ARCHER



A GREAT deal of interesting matter, odds and ends of information about the famous English war-chief of the first half of the nineteenth century, will be found in "Words on Wellington. The Duke—Waterloo—The Ball" (John C. Nimmo), by Sir William Fraser, Bart., M.A., Christ Church, Oxford. The work is, however, very much a compilation, and many of the facts and incidents put down here have seen the light before. Occasionally, however, the author deals with his own personal reminiscences. Remarkable on the circumstance that to one in the position of the Duke of Wellington, whose every word would be valued and repeated, it was necessary to have a conventional courtesy of reply, which may or may not have touched his conscience, Sir William Fraser tells the following anecdote:—"I remember perfectly at a ball at Devonshire House, standing at the head of the white marble staircase when the Duke of Wellington walked up the stairs. He came late: I heard a lady say, 'I suppose, Duke, you have been to see the new play?' the occasion being, unless I am mistaken, the private performance of Lord Lytton's play, 'Not So Bad As We Seem,' for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art. The Duke replied, 'Yes, I have.' 'What did you think of it?' 'Very good indeed, very good indeed. Capital, capital; very good indeed.' He then walked on into the crowd. A few minutes later I happened to be in the drawing-room. I heard another lady say, 'Tell me, Duke, what was the play about?' 'Couldn't hear a word: not a word.' This, I feel sure, like my Uncle Toby's oath must have been blotted out by the Recording Angel." The excellent plate of the Waterloo Ball Room is a reproduction of one that appeared in *The Graphic*. Looking at it one is compelled to admire the poetic imagination of Byron in writing, "Within a windowed niche of that high hall." Sir William Fraser is, in any case, to be congratulated on bringing into compact and handy form a quantity of miscellaneous sayings and doings of the Iron Duke, and of the gossip about him.

There seems to be considerable doubt as to the period of the earliest application of lustre ornamentation, and any work throwing light on the problem will, therefore, be of immense service to collectors and others interested in this art. Mr. Henry Wallis, in Part III. of "Notes on Some Examples of Early Persian Lustre Ware" (Bernard Quaritch, 15, Piccadilly), traces the history of this superb art back to the eleventh century, temp. about 1040, and gives some excellent hints as to the best method of identifying the period of doubtful specimens. A series of eight plates, admirably reproduced in colours, very materially add to the value and interest of the work. The reproduction of the sheen on the old ware is in excellent style, and the different colours are brought out with admirable effect, the deep blue of the vase in plate 7 being especially good. We can imagine from the vivid Eastern picture by Mr. Wallis in the present exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, how he revels in depth of colour, &c., and we have a further proof of this in the present work. The book, in its complete form will prove a valuable addition to the records of Persian Ceramic Art.

Mr. William S. McCormick, M.A., Lecturer on English Language and Literature in Queen Margaret College, Glasgow, has published "Three Lectures on English Literature" (Alexander Gardner). They form part of a series on "The English Poets of the Nineteenth Century" delivered to the students of his Glasgow classes during the Session 1887-88. The first lecture, on "English Literature and University Education," mainly consists of an answer to some of the arguments put forward by Professor Freeman in the *Contemporary Review* of October, 1887, and is a protest against the usurpation by Philosophy of the study of literature in our Universities. The lectures on "Wordsworth" and "Browning" are intended as an introduction to the study of those two poets, and fulfil this purpose admirably. Especially to be commended is the last of these lectures, which is a very effective *resumé* of the abundant literary activity of a great poetic genius. "Browning" says Mr. McCormick, "is the optimist of our age; and his optimism is that of a fearless imagination. The dramatist has not hesitated to strike the discords of the individual life, but he has resolved them into fresh harmonies."

A valuable addition is made to Messrs. Macmillan's series of "Twelve English Statesmen" in "Henry the Seventh," by Mr. James Gairdner. We have here a lucid account of the policy and character of the first great Tudor prince. Even in his exactions we are asked to recognise the signs of statecraft. Mr. Gairdner succeeds well in showing us Henry as he was; a king who realised fully the means necessary to give a firm foundation to his dynasty. He even presents Henry as the man of humour, for his appreciation of their

far-famed Earl of Kildare was certainly due to his appreciation of the comical side of things. The friendship which sprang up between this uncontrollable noble and Henry smoothed over the chronic Irish difficulty for some years at least. The Simnel and Warbeck episodes are instructive in their bearing on Irish readiness to conspire with any and every one desirous of upsetting established authority in England. Mr. Gairdner goes very carefully into the question of Henry's somewhat tortuous foreign policy, and on the whole does justice to the character of the man who gave ordered peace to an England which had gone through a long period of domestic turmoil.

Housewives, who have trouble with servants, will find much to interest them in "Domestic Service in the Present Day" (Hatchards), by Mrs. Lewis. The author supplies useful hints to mistresses and maids. She is very practical, going into details where the sterner sex can only follow at a distance, giving a trusting approval. On the vexed subject of the fringe she observes:—"The young lady who has a maid to wait upon her, and plenty of time at her disposal, may wear her hair as she chooses—a fringe, or whatever she considers becoming; but to a girl who has to be up early in the morning, has dirty work to do, and plenty of occupation the whole day, very elaborate hair-dressing is ridiculous, quite out of place, and sure to hinder her advancement." Of temper in servants Mrs. Lewis knows all the shades and varieties, and in her chapter on "Good Temper" she says, "There is also the sulky temper, of course less unpleasant than that which is violent and ungovernable, but very disagreeable, and very difficult to deal with—the girl who sulks all day if told to do anything unusual, or, more unpardonable still, will not bear to be told of her faults; instead of being sorry for her carelessness, forgetfulness, or whatever it may be, looks upon herself as an ill-used individual if a single word is said to her on the subject. Foolish girl, how can she ever improve if her faults are not to be pointed out? When I come into contact with a girl of this nature, I think of the Apostle's forcible word, 'What glory is it if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently, but if, when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.' "Domestic Service" may be read with pleasure by mistresses, and for edification by servants.

A charming book of sketches of bird and animal life in Britain is "Sylvan Folk" (Fisher Unwin), by Mr. John Watson, author of "A Year in the Fields." The author is full of sympathy with his subjects. Especially pleasant reading is his chapter on "a miniature British fauna," consisting of mice, voles, and shrews. "Miniature" they are, for of the thirty land animals which constitute the fauna of this country, ten—the mice, the shrews, and the voles—are so small that each might curl itself up in the hollowed shell of a chestnut. "Some brambles," writes Mr. Watson, "creep in flower and fruit over the rocks, and among the brush and tangled weed-wood runs the dormouse. Its toes are prehensile, and it climbs and runs by turn from spray to spray and from branch to branch. In such situations, the quickness and adroitness it exhibits are exquisitely graceful. The sun shines upon the wall, and our mouse sits upon the cushion-pads of moss that adorn it." The author tells us a great deal about red-deer, fallow, and roe, about pheasants, partridge, and quail, among the rest. All his facts are taken at first hand from nature, and his harvest has been gleaned in the open, in all weathers, and through every hour of the day or night. And, as Mr. Watson says, "When any one is deeply sympathetic with nature, it is marvellous upon what terms of intimacy he can be with the wildest woodland creatures." "Sylvan Folk" will be found enjoyable by all who have any fellow-feeling with its author.

In the "Statesman Series," edited by Mr. Lloyd C. Sanders for Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co., we have a new volume in the "Life of Henry Grattan," by Mr. Robert Dunlop. The author seems to have used all the best available authorities for the biography. Altogether he has presented us with what appears to be an impartial account of a most perplexing and fiercely-disputed period in the history of the three kingdoms. His work may be read with advantage by those who care to follow intelligently the envenomed controversy which rages round the Act of Union.

Mr. R. A. Douglas Lithgow, LL.D., F.S.A., F.R.S.L., &c., &c., is the author of "Heredity: a Study, with Special Reference to Disease" (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox). For many years past this author has taken much interest in the question of heredity, and has thus accumulated an immense quantity of information concerning it. Dr. Douglas Lithgow claims for himself the credit of making the first systematic effort to trace the influence of heredity in all the main diseases which afflict humanity. We are not sure that the book is likely to be profitable reading for persons with a tendency to hypochondria. It is bad enough to be unduly nervous about one's own symptoms, without being burdened with anxieties as to the ailments of ancestors.

Mr. B. T. A. Evetts, M.A., of the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum, has done useful work in translating and enlarging M. Ernest Babelon's "Manual of Oriental Antiquities." This volume embraces within its scope the architecture, sculpture, and industrial arts of Chaldaea, Assyria, Persia, Syria, Judaea, Phœnicia, and Carthage. The text, the proofs of which have been looked through by M. Le Page Renouf, is elucidated with 241 illustrations. The relation of the architecture of the different countries mentioned to each other is clearly shown. As the translator points out, "In the old Eastern civilisations which held sway over the world before Greece and Rome only two streams of artistic influence are really to be traced—that which rises in Egypt and that which issues from Assyria. . . . Thus it may be said that, properly speaking, there is no Persian art, or Jewish art, or Phœnician or Carthaginian art; everywhere we find the forms of Egypt or those of Assyria grouped, mixed; perhaps altered in proportions which vary according to time, environment, and political conditions." This "Manual of Oriental Antiquities" should be invaluable to students of the most ancient history.

Under the heading "Days with Industrials" (Trübner), Dr. A. H. Japp republishes in an enlarged form valuable and instructive articles which have appeared from his pen in *All the Year Round*, *Good Words*, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He is especially interesting about "Quinine and its Romance," and the "Curiosities of Canary Culture." His other subjects are Rice, Pearls, Amber, Common Salt, Burton Ale, Petroleum, and so on. "Days with Industrials" would make a capital gift-book for an intelligent boy.

The second volume of "Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia of Universal Information," edited by Dr. Charles Annandale, maintains the high promise of the first number. The cheap and handy form in which this work appears, its clear type, lucid letterpress, and excellent maps all commend it to a large section of the reading public.

Mr. Charles Darling, Q.C., M.P., has written a witty *brochure* on some points of legal theory and practice, "Scintillæ Juris" (Stevens and Haynes), which has reached a fourth and enlarged edition. It is a creditable specimen of law humour, elephantine effort not being so noticeable as might be expected; and then the frontispiece and colophon are two quaint caricatures by Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P.

We have also received Mr. George Ure's "Our Fancy Pigeons and Rambling Notes of a Naturalist. A Record of Fifty Years' Experience in Breeding and in Observation of Nature" (Elliot Stock); "A Few Hints to Travellers to India" (W. H. Allen), a very useful little book, by an "Anglo-Indian" of five years'

experience; "The Trade of the United Kingdom with the World: a Manual of Instruction and reference, Giving a Concise Account of the Sources and Supplies of our Chief Imports and of the Distribution of our Chief Exports, with an Abstract of our Trade with each Country of the World, and of the Trade of the Chief Ports of the United Kingdom," &c., by Mr. Thomas J. Dymes, M.A.

MINOR NOTICES.—"The Old Pincushion; or, Aunt Clotilda's Guests," by Mrs. Molesworth (Griffith, Farran, and Co.)—the story of a lost will, which is eventually found by means of the pincushion—is written in Mrs. Molesworth's best style. It is a charming story of child-life, and we can heartily commend it to all young folks. The illustrations, which are reproduced in the best style, are by Mrs. Adrian Hope.—"Putt's Notions" ("Sandringham Library," Jarrold and Sons), is a series of five short stories by Mrs. Charles Hervey. The stories are simply and pleasantly told, and should prove suitable reading for "our girls."—Three useful little works are "Moselle, from the Battlefields to the Rhine," "The Hartz Mountains," and "Tourists' Travel-Talk"—the Penny Holiday Handbooks series (Percy Lindley). The two former are guide-books to the districts represented, and contain a variety of useful information and many illustrations. The latter should prove a serviceable aid to visitors to the Paris Exhibition, as it includes an every-day vocabulary in English, French, and German, with money and distance tables, practical hints, Continental routes, &c.—The second edition of "The Land of the Vikings," by C. Jurgensen (Walter Scott), contains several changes and improvements, chief amongst which are a number of convenient skeleton tours, a series of time-tables for the Fjord steamers, and some interesting illustrations. This is one of the cheapest, and, at the same time, one of the most reliable guides to Norway that we know of.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, with their usual desire for originality, publish a Guide to the Paris Exhibition on a "novel principle." This consists in omitting nearly everything in the Exhibition except the really interesting exhibits. The information, however, is of a very varied character, consisting of a list of the principal hotels, some well-executed plans and maps, and a great many hints which will prove serviceable to the visitor; and, beyond this, the guide contains a number of capital illustrations.—Devotees of the photographic art will welcome the appearance of the second volume of "The International annual of Anthony's Photographic Bulletin" (Liffie and Son, 93, Fleet Street). It forms a most complete handbook to photography, and will prove alike useful to both professional and amateur photographers. The amount of information contained in the book is simply marvellous, every branch of this profession being fully discussed. The book contains some excellent specimens of photographic printing; the photograph of "A Study by Falk" being especially fine.—The latest development of pictorial aid to teaching is issued by Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston in the form of their "Pictorial Illustrations of Trades"—a series of six coloured plates, mounted on canvas, measuring 34 by 26 inches. The plates are vigorous and life-like representations of the various trades, and underneath each is a short and concise description. The present issue includes the trades of Baker, Blacksmith, Builder, Carpenter, Shoemaker, and Tailor.—Doubtless the immortal Dickens will prove the centre of interest in Part VI. of "Celebrities of the Century" (Cassell and Co.). The number, however, also includes the names of Sir Humphry Davy, Thomas De Quincey, Lord Derby, Austin Dobson, Richard Doyle, Alexandre Dumas, Thomas Edison, and Miss Amelia B. Edwards.—We have received new editions of the following medical works: "The Principal Uses of the Sixteen Most Important Homœopathic Medicines" (E. Gould and Son, 59, Moorgate Street), "The Household Doctor," and "Guide to Health" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), both edited by Dr. George Black.

MIDSUMMER AT MONTE CARLO

MONTE CARLO in summer is rather forlorn. Strong, in fact, is the contrast between the state of the "rooms" on any evening in February and their state towards the time of sunset upon a June day. In February there is a perpetual buzz of human life in and about the gardens from noon until midnight. The sun is then never so menacing that it compels you to fly before it; nor, on the other hand, is the air cold enough to urge the visitor "down south" to prefer his wood-fire within doors to the Riviera atmosphere outside. Genial sun and a blue, sparkling sea warm the heart and side. Elevate the spirits infallibly. But in June, July, and August it is otherwise. Not that even then it is fatal to face the daylight; for the seabreeze is an unfailing temperer of the heat. It is hotter far in Paris, upon an average, and often more oppressive in London. But so clear is the atmosphere, and so dazzling the reflection of the sun from the white roads and the white houses, and from the glitter of the radiant sea, that few people except the sons and daughters of the soil can walk forth at noon with impunity, unprotected by umbrellas and darkened glasses.

Inside the Casino, life in summer languishes amazingly, in comparison with the vivacity of spring. Though the Administration, ever so solicitous to keep a draught through its gilded halls, the temperature gets grievous towards the evening. Red faces risen with streams of perspiration meet one at every table; and instead of the current commonplace, "Well, and how did your system serve you yesterday?" you hear groans about the heat, and anathemas of it as the cause of loss upon loss. "I shall never come here in the summer again," says one visitor; "it makes my heart beat too fast, and I lose my head."

If the prudent gamester will husband his resources through the summer, and wait until autumn ere he recommences his assaults upon the banking account of the Monte Carlo Administration, he need not fly from Monte Carlo. He can enjoy the hours keenly enough if he will but consent to re-ast for a time the routine of his life. The men and women of Palermo, and elsewhere in southern Italy, set him an example he might well condescend to follow. They live through the nights of summer, and sleep away the days when the sun is at its zenith. A Southern night is a "joy for ever"—exquisite at the time, and ever sweet to Northern memories. The residents at Monte Carlo may, therefore, make the quiet cool star-light, and listen to the music of the Administration, than to swelter in the gaming-rooms and lose money. The palms flutter round about the bandstand; beyond, the shenny-sea ripples under a crescent moon; and across the bay the tiers of lights of the little city of Monaco are a fascination that does credit to the potency of gas companies.

Fair also are the gardens upon a summer's eve. You need not at such a time vex yourself with thoughts of the tragedies that have been wrought upon the gravel paths you tread. That earth stained however natural. For, in truth, is not the whole earth stained with tragedy? No one spot of it really reeks of blood more than another. It ought not, therefore, to be impossible to disengage oneself from the immediate associations which exhale from the gardens, and contentedly to breathe their ravishing perfume while listening to the music among the trees, the echo of which seems to be bandied gently from leaf to leaf. In fact, however, such counsel is unnecessary at Monte Carlo. Here the present is keener than elsewhere. Here one cares little or nothing for the past, and the future asserts itself with unequalled fervour. Certainly, to the man who likes to find himself in a hotel full of the passages, Monte Carlo in summer may be a little dull. In the spring you may offer ten francs for a make-shift bed upon a billiard-

table, and fail to be served. But in June, even in a hotel that advertises itself far and wide as "open all the year round," you may chance to dine three or four at the table, surrounded only by the ghosts that seem to sit upon the empty chairs in the lone *salle-à-manger*. If you have ears to spare for such matters, the hotel manager will grumble to you for an hour on end about the tedious expensiveness of the summer under such conditions. And perhaps he will confide to you some of those secrets about the ways and doings of the all-powerful Administration, which rules the Principality of Monaco with the hand of an autocrat, and ga's little good-will from its subjects, be its concessions and benefactions ever so large and liberal. It is the oddest despotism of modern times, so large and liberal. When the Casino is crushed out of existence by the combined determination of the adjacent European Powers, its history will bear writing; and happy will be the publisher who secures the exclusive right to publish the tale of its machinations.

Some say, however, that Monte Carlo will be the gambler's paradise for many years yet to come; that neither France nor Italy will ever stir a finger to suppress it, for all the wrong it wreaks upon the French and Italians, who, being so near to it, are its readiest victims. But a "never" of this kind cannot be accepted quite so emphatically. Doubtless international spite is a motive that may for a time deter France from saying to the Prince of Monaco: "Let an end be put to this scandal, or take the consequences." But Italy and France need not for ever be on a footing of such puerile rivalry. If it be true, as it has been averred, that "for Monaco neither France nor Italy will declare war against Italy, nor Italy against France," the time may come when the same force which extinguished the tables of Lombard and Baden-Baden will operate effectually here; when both France and Italy will join in recognition that "cruel indeed is the war carried on by the gambling house of Monte Carlo against the material and moral interests of the two States." C. E.

WIGMORE CASTLE

HEREFORDSHIRE, especially along its western side, is a county of castles. Not merely Norman policy, but the necessity of the case, prompted the erection of a line of castles to stem the ever-incoming tide of Welsh invasion and freebooting. Thus castle after castle during the Middle Ages rose along the Marches, from Grosmont on the south-western borders to Ludlow, which we most often think of as the hall where, for the first time, men listened to the exquisite music of "Comus." From Edward IV.'s reign to the Civil War of the seventeenth century it had a sterner reputation from the administration of the law of the President and Council of the Marches, who there were wont to hold their Courts.

Between these larger fortresses here and there to defend the entrance to a valley or secure some old manor house stood smaller forts, mostly of a circular shape, in which a handful of stout country folk could hold out until the nearest castle sent them succours. These forts require careful study. A typical one may be seen—at least its ruins—at Llancillo, near Pontrilas. A high mound of earth was first constructed, and a brook led round it to form a mimic moat. Then a round tower was placed on it, probably consisting of two storeys, into the lower of which cattle could be driven, while the upper was occupied by the defenders. In some form or other such detached forts exist from the Scotch Borders to Northern India.

Melancholy as are all these forsaken castles at the present day, Wigmore, from its lonely situation and great extent of ruin, is pre-eminently so. A pleasant and characteristic walk of six miles from Kingsland leads to it, past Aymestrey, with its picturesque churchyard running down to the Lug River and Croft Ambrey, with its wooded heights, from which legend tells that the Parliamentarian cannon destroyed Wigmore. But before reaching these a field is passed, distinguished for one of those bloody combats which marked an earlier Civil War.

A stone by the roadside records the Battle of Mortimer's Cross, where in 1461, on a rising ground now covered by flourishing crops, the future Edward IV. vanquished a large army of Lancastrians with Jasper Tudor and his Welshmen. Thus with memories of ancient prowess around him the wayfarer reaches the pretty village of Wigmore. He will naturally in a strange village pass on to the church, which here happens to be strikingly situated on a high ridge, from which breezy position it looks over a great plain dotted with farms and fertility to Downton's Groves and Leintwardine, the grayling fisher's Paradise. It is worth while noticing at Wigmore Church, besides the prospect, the singular "herring-bone work" on the outside of the north aisle, and the curious exposed piscina where nave and chancel join, showing that an aisle which in old days formed a chapel has here been ruthlessly swept away. On the left of the beautiful view rises a wilderness of ruined walls intermixed with ash-trees and overrun with brambles and desolation, emphatically *loca senta situ*. There, on the other extremity of the ridge occupied by the church, are the remains of the once-famous Wigmore Castle.

The name is derived from the *Wicenga*, the tribe which formerly lived below in what was once a mere or marsh, the now fertile plain before the wanderer. It appears in Domesday as "Wigmore," and seems also to have been called "Merestun," the "marsh-town." The Castle was built by William Fitz-Osbern between 1072 and 1085, but had been in all probability before that a camp on a fortified spot, the Saxons, and probably the Celts before them, having wit enough to seize upon any good positions. His family forsook their allegiance to the Conqueror, and Ralph de Mortimer, after reducing Edric, received from the grateful King his domains. The usual vicissitudes of families in the Middle Ages befell the owners of Wigmore. Success or proscription meant possession or loss of their acres. Roger de Mortimer was one of the stoutest adherents of Henry III., and a descendant was the ill-starred favourite of Isabella of France in Edward II.'s reign. After the Battle of Mortimer's Cross (so-called probably from a wayside cross piously erected by a Mortimer, it may be at the very spot where the present stone slab stands), Wigmore Castle became a Royal residence, and part of the King's domain.

Queen Elizabeth gave it to Captain Meyrick, and once more in consequence of his rebellion it passed from him, and was sold for 2,600*l.* in 1601 to Thomas Harley, of Brampton Bryan, hard by. Finally, it was dismantled by the Parliamentarians and Colonel Massey in 1643, but is still the property of a descendant of the Harleys, Lady Langdale.

From these necessary yet dry particulars (much more of which may be found in Robinson's "Castles of Hereford"), the visitor turns to the Castle itself. A fine pointed arch admits to the entrance, but the gateway is so choked with rubbish that it is needful to stoop on entering. The first impression is one of huge mounds which trees and brushwood have taken possession of, amorphous heaps of stone and rubbish, over which totter thick walls, broken-down towers, and aimless masonry work. Massey has well accomplished his purpose. The solitariness of the situation, the modern havoc still testifying to its ancient fame, are very striking. Even in 1643 Captain Silas Taylor called it "a melancholy, dejected prospect of stately ruins." Gradually eye and mind begin to construct the once-powerful fortress out of the crumbling walls, than which nothing is more grateful to the instincts of the antiquarian:

Juvat ire et Dorica castra
Desertosque videre locos.

Imagination wakes and calls up the pomp and ceremony of feudal times—the martial music and armed squadrons of the Civil Wars; warders and gallants, distinguished names and nameless men-at-arms; the feasting and merriment; the confidence, and again the certain fear of the end which must ere now have prevailed within these dull, broken-down, ivy-hung walls. Their very silence is eloquent, and then the musing pilgrim turns to the distant woods and hilly fields—

Which on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.

Nothing, indeed, is so apt to stir man's mind as fallen greatness, and nature never more powerfully appeals to the heart than when, as here, she reflects the pomp and circumstance of bygone generations in every feature of the prospect, preserving the while a sphinx-like expression of wondering silence.

Much thankfulness must needs spring up within the bystander as he contemplates from a ruined window the wide view over the plain below—the grey houses and pastoral farms, the smiling apple orchards and golden crops, the contented white-faced Hereford oxen, the nibbling sheep, and distant church towers, all testifying so strongly to immemorial peace. It is, indeed, a lovely prospect. Much of its picturesqueness is due to the delightfully careless farming of Herefordshire, where trees are spared, and Wordsworth has taught us to recognise

Those hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild.

This sylvan beauty may be noticed more or less throughout the county; but here it is heightened from its contrast with the stillness and silence of the ruins. One more reflection forces itself upon us: if the landowners of Herefordshire wish to preserve their fair prospects, let them beware of erecting those hideous cast-iron sheds with corrugated zinc roofs, which, alas! so often meet the eye. Their dull grey roofs and tasteless lines of construction jar against every surrounding adjunct. Neither wood, hill, nor building harmonises with them. They never tone down—never acquire the venerable lichens of old age. The farmer periodically paints the tasteless posts, and, when the sun strikes on the roofs, it produces discord, like a succession of false notes in the midst of a sonata by Beethoven. Steamships have injured much of our loch scenery, the levelled tracks of railways have ruined many a fair valley of England; but landlords and farmers have earned, and are earning, a plentiful harvest of execrations from every lover of country life as often as they erect any of these thrice-ugly iron hay-sheds. Cannot Mr. Ruskin denounce them before it is too late?

M. G. W.



NOBODY could wish for lighter and pleasanter reading than Julian Sturgis' "Comedy of a Country House" (2 vols.: John Murray). It is genuine comedy, according to the rules, and would, with some accentuation of the situations, adapt itself to the stage; in which more robust atmosphere certain improbabilities which obtrude themselves into the story would disappear. The centre of interest is a rich young nobleman, whom a famous match-making mother has marked for her last-left daughter's prey, but whom certain friends, interested in his remaining a bachelor for their sakes, are engaged in a conspiracy to defend. The course of the intrigue—to employ an appropriately old-fashioned word in its old-fashioned sense—with its various unexpected developments, is well worth following out for its own sake, but still more for the stream of bright, natural, and often witty talk which accompanies it in good comedy style, and still more for the portraiture, never more than sketchy, but always adequate and suggestive. Not seldom, as in the passages at arms among the ladies gathered together at Langleydale, who detest one another in the most elaborately friendly manner, one can hear the characters actually speaking. The general favourite will, beyond question, be Dora Rutherford, with her cleverness, her foolishness, her want of tact on which she prides herself, her warm heart and her honest nature, which save her married life from the shipwreck imminently menaced by her vain imagination that she has a genius for taking care of other people as well as of herself in a world of which she knows nothing. She is certainly a good deal of a goose, despite her cleverness; but she is an exceedingly charming one, and, noble-natured as her husband is, one feels at the end that he is to be fully as much congratulated on their good understanding as she. With the lightness and delicacy of the author's style, previous works have made novel readers familiar; and this we are disposed to consider in all important respects the best of his works, so far.

"Under a Strange Mask" (2 vols.: Cassell and Co.), cannot be called up to the mark which Mr. Frank Barrett has taught his readers to expect from him. Judged, however, apart from the work he has done, and the equally good work he will doubtless hereafter do, the story is to be commended for its quite sufficient amount of interest, and still more for the peculiarity that the most experienced of novel readers will enjoy the well-nigh forgotten sensation of finding himself fairly mystified. We shall therefore carefully refrain from giving a hint as to the nature of Mr. Barrett's web, or of its disentanglement. The characters are alive and—when they are intended to be so—sympathetic; and if the family solicitor, who is supposed to tell the tale, is unsatisfactory as a man of business, inasmuch as he does not know how to raise a moderate sum of money for Lord Redlands on one of the richest estates in the country at an hour's notice, he is quite right in pluming himself on being an excellent judge of character, and does his friends and clients ample justice as their portrait painter. Besides, had he been a better man of business, there would have been one original complication the less in the world; and such things are growing too rare to lose for the sake of a trifle.

Nor shall we hint at the plot of Mrs. A. Price's "Hilary St. John" (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) seeing that, without its secret—which is really well kept—it is nothing, beyond the no less important fact that the novel contains an exceedingly attractive heroine. The story is one which appeals, successfully enough, to readers who are content with the simple elements of ordinary fiction, skilfully and unambitiously employed, especially when one of them is a surprise. It would have been better still had Mrs. Price remembered, in the case of Hilary's detestable father (Hilary is a girl, by the way, despite her exceedingly masculine name) that people are not in the habit of admitting their own evil motives and meannesses even to themselves, however conscious they may be of them—much less to others.

Ella MacMahon quotes from Emerson as the text of "Heathcote" (2 vols.: Ward and Downey), "The love that will be annihilated sooner than treacherous has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal, but a native of the deeps, of absolute and inextinguishable being." This truly Emersonian passage certainly requires further illustration than is conveyed in the lady-like but decidedly flimsy story of how a young man, thinking he had no chance of marrying the girl of his heart, went away to Russia for three years, came back with typhoid fever, and then, finding that there had been a rather stupid misunderstanding, did marry her after all. There is also a sub-plot, equally futile as an elucidation of Emerson—a parting and reconciliation between another young

man and an exceptionally odious young woman, who, after inflicting upon him a long series of selfish caprices, is supposed at last to make him happy. As an unambitious novel of flirtation, unencumbered by Emerson, "Heathcote" will not come amiss to cormorants of fiction; its chief positive fault is its author's timid manner of leading up to a situation and then shirking it—she seems to be perpetually ringing the bell and then running away.

Mr. James Runciman's "A Dream of the North Sea" (1 vol.: James Nisbet and Co.) would, were it without literary merit, be sacred from criticism for the sake of its purpose—that of exciting interest in that admirable work the Mission to deep-sea fishermen. For the sake of that purpose it is, therefore, gratifying to be able to give the best of all criticisms from the author's point of view—namely, that by its merits as a piece of picturesque writing, as well as by its earnestness, it cannot fail to create or intensify the special interest at which it aims. Charitable appeals do not often belong to literature; but this is decidedly an exception.

THE INDIAN SORCERER

BY A HINDOO

THE zemindar of a village in Northern India is harassed with the fear that he may die without leaving an heir, which is the greatest curse that can befall a Hindoo. His former wife died leaving him but two daughters, and all his children by his present wife have sickened, and died soon after their birth. No doctor or physician, neither the costly offerings to the deities and Brahmins, could save the lives of the tender ones. The zemindar is quite in despair. At last the villagers begin to whisper to one another that there must be some evil spirits in their landlord's house, who kill the young babies. The whisper soon reaches the ear of the zemindar, who, however, takes very little notice of it; but his wife, who expects to bring him an heir soon, persuades him to listen to the people for her as well as for his family's sake, and do the needful to please the evil spirits. The zemindar helplessly consents, and sends for the Ojha, the great sorcerer of the village, who will act as the mediator between him and the malicious creatures.

Soon after nightfall next Saturday the zemindar's house becomes crowded with people, all anxious to have a good look at the horrid beings who have made their beneficent landlord so unhappy. But they are all left either in the courtyard or outside the house, and strictly forbidden to make any noise whatever, lest they should disturb the ghost *séance* which is being held upstairs.

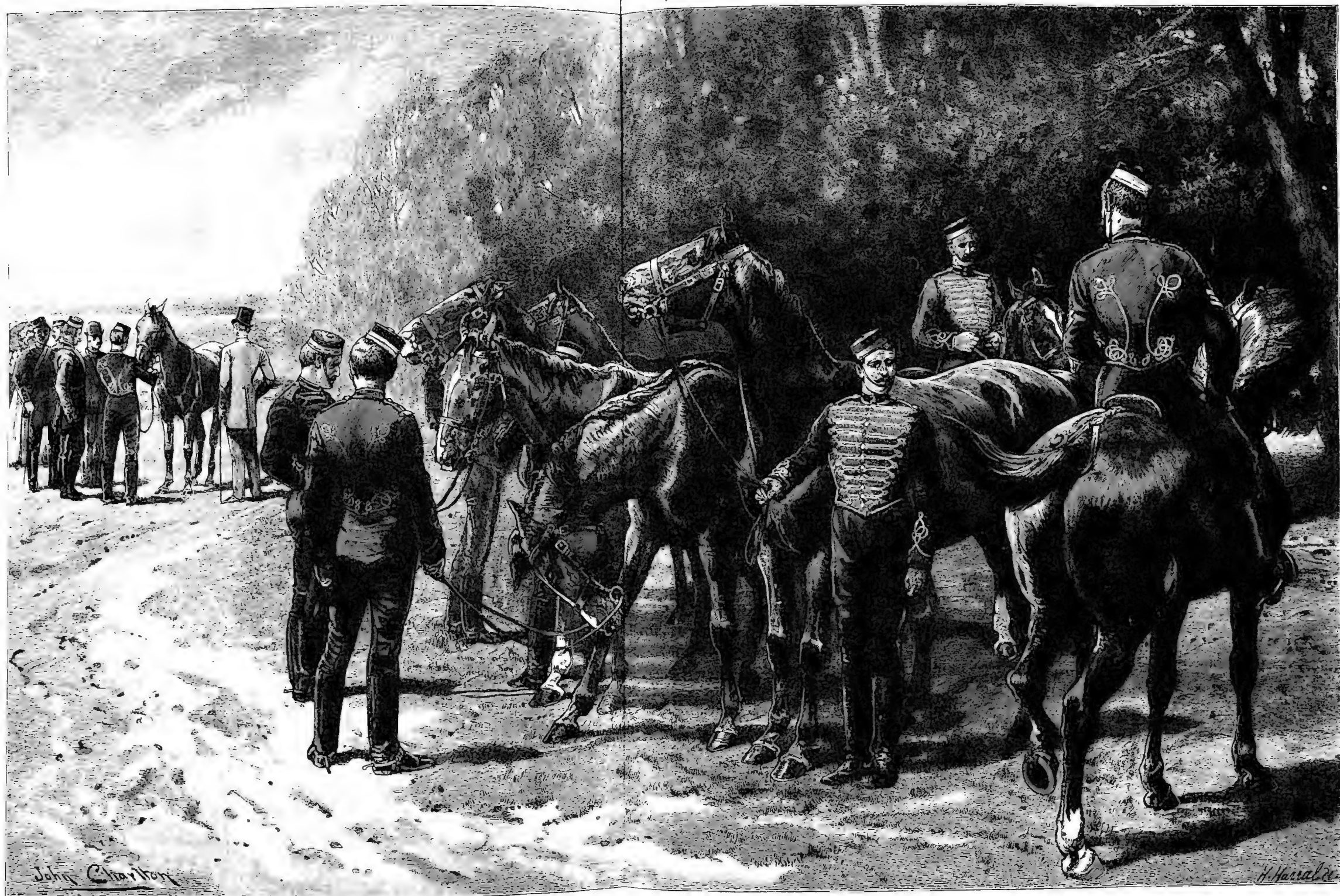
In a large, dark room, with all its doors and windows shut except the one furthest from the assembled party and nearest the roof, there sit on one side the zemindar and a few friends, and his wife, with one or two strong-minded female companions, behind the screen in a corner; in the centre squat a grey-haired man, with a huge turban on his head—the mighty Ojha himself—and his two young disciples, with bundles under their arms, in front of a very low fire with smoke continually issuing from it. The sorcerer, muttering charms, dribbles into the smoking fire butter, or oil, and incense, just enough to keep alive its lurid light, and produce more and more smoke, which at last makes the atmosphere of the room so thick and dark that you can hardly see what is going on before you. This preliminary operation occupies nearly three hours, by the end of which time most of the people waiting about the house have departed home, and the men in the dark room have all but gone to sleep, and the women huddle together shivering with fright. Midnight approaching, the Ojha, bidding the people in the room shut their eyes, shouts, coaxing the spirits thus: "My masters, my lords, ghosts! You are my only friends, be once more merciful to your slave, and come down here and tell the zemindar that he will have a son soon, who will live long and continue his great name. . . ." The sorcerer goes on in this fashion for half-an-hour. At last there appear, amidst considerable noise, near the open high window at the further end of the room, two forms shrouded in white, whom the Ojha entreats to partake of the food provided for them by the zemindar. At the name of food the two ghosts jump down with delight, and despatch the dishes in less than three minutes. The repeat over, they again climb up to the window, wherefrom they reply to the sorcerer's questions. "My lords, my parents, my friends, ghosts!" asks the Ojha, "will you now kindly tell the zemindar if he will have a son and heir?" To which the spirits reply, in a nasal twang, "Yes, yes, we are satisfied with his kind treatment; his wish will be fulfilled. He shall have a son who will live long." Perhaps in the middle of this conversation one of the frightened women utters the name of "Ram," who is said to be the mortal enemy of the spirits. The two ghosts disappear in a twinkling; the low fire burns up; and the sorcerer, accompanied by his two disciples with bundles under their arms, go home, carrying the remnant of the offerings and a purse containing about twenty rupees.

The Ojha is called in by the superstitious when anything valuable is lost, in cases of incurable diseases, and when children are believed to be bewitched. The sorcerer, sitting in front of his patient, with flowers in his hand, and a lamp and incense burning before him, gives burnt turmeric and charmed mustard-seed to the bewitched person to smell, and dashes cold water with violence upon his face. It is said that, in one instance, upon the sorcerer squeezing the juice of a certain plant into the eyes of a bewitched child, the witch immediately complained of pain in her eyes, which she lost, and the child was cured.

The common sorcerers in India are a people of very low caste, or no caste at all, belonging mainly to the aboriginal races who are still outside the pale of Hindooism, though they may all call themselves Hindoos or Mahomedans. This is clearly shown by their name "Ojha," which is, however, now applied to all kinds of Indian sorcerers—aboriginal, Mahomedan, or Brahmin. The true Ojha is so called because he examines the *ojha*—a non-Sanskrit word meaning "entrails"—of the victim of evil influence immediately after it has been slain. This the other sorcerers do not; the title Ojha, nevertheless, has fastened itself upon them, including even the holy Brahmin wizard. As a matter of fact, sorcery in India originally belonged to the aboriginal races, from whom the Brahmins and others have acquired the art.

There is a class of sorcerers called "Devotees," or "Wise Men," who also belong to the lower and menial castes. These confine themselves to divination, and generally work under the inspiration of a snake-god, and sometimes under that of a Mussulman saint. Inspiration is shown by the man's head beginning to wag, and he then builds a shrine to his familiar, before which he dances, or "sports," as it is called by the people. He is consulted at night, the inquirer providing tobacco and music. The tobacco is first waved over the body of the invalid, and then given to the "wise man" to smoke. A butter-lamp is lighted, the music plays, and the diviner lashes himself with a whip. He is at last seized by the affluens, and, in a paroxysm of dancing and head-wagging, declares the name of the malignant influence, the manner in which it is to be propitiated, and the time when the disease may be expected to abate.

By far the most formidable magical powers are, however, attributed to a class of Brahmins called the Ojha Brahmins. They are versed in the practice of the spells and charms which, with the accompanying rites, are described in the Sanskrit books, called *tantras*. The key-note of these is struck in a well-known sentence, which runs thus:—"The whole world is in the power of the gods, and the gods thus:—The power of magic; magic is in the power of the Brahmins, and in the power of the Brahmin is himself the god." The author of this



"THEIR DUTY DONE"

EXAMINATION OF CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY HORSES TO SEE IF THEY ARE ANY LONGER FIT FOR SERVICE

oracular deliverance is, of course, the Brahmin, who, however, merely systematised the magical spells and charms, having himself learnt them from the aboriginal tribes. The Sanskrit treatises on magic explain the various modes in which the human mind can be subjugated, and occult powers exercised to produce miraculous results. This is accomplished in three ways:—(1) Through the agency of spirits, or lower deities, who are made subservient to the will of the magician; (2) Through natural causes, intensified by the will of the magician; (3) By herbs and other plants, charmed by means of incantations. Of the six modes in which the Brahmin sorcerer can influence his neighbours, four are malignant, one is doubtful, and only one is beneficial. The four malignant operations are the causing of death, the destruction of property, the stoppage of physical and mental action, and the causing of feuds between friends. The neutral operation consists in bringing an individual completely under the control of the expert. The only branch of white magic discussed is the power of relieving a sufferer from disease, or from the hostile influence of the stars and planets.

The neutral art of "subjugation" is the one most frequently practised in modern times. Certain ingredients are prescribed for this operation. A small piece of the frontal bone of a man, the fruit of the poisonous plant *dhatūra*, camphor, and honey are to be taken in proper proportions and well mixed together, and the forehead is to be painted with the compound before the wearer may bring under his influence and control the mind of any person whom he fears or loves. Other nostrums, of which some idea can be formed from the ingredients in the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*, becoming more and more complex and gruesome as the higher departments of the Black Art are reached, are to be found in the original treatises.

The office of sorcerer is generally hereditary among all the Indian Ojhas, but strictly so with the conjuring Brahmins, who form a special caste by themselves. A severe and prolonged probation must be undergone before a Brahmin is considered competent to commence the practice of the magical art. He must go through a course of recitation of unintelligible Sanskrit roots, and of repetition of the name of the deity to be conquered about a million times. Special hours are assigned for this performance, special postures of the body, special diet, and a specially-appointed space beyond which the probationer must not go until the process of initiation is finished. Of course all this has to be accompanied with handsome offerings to the deities and the Brahmins, and substantial feasts to the latter. The deities invoked are merely variations of the same dreaded goddess, Kālī, who is the presiding deity of both the Brahmin and non-Brahmin sorcerers in India. The former, as well as the latter, undergo a rigorous course of physical and mental discipline before the goddess will consent to use them as the instruments of her power; both indulge largely in flesh diet, in intoxicating liquors, and in lewd practices; both shed the blood of animals before the idol which they worship; both profess to expel devils from the sick, or to bring them into the healthy; both use magic, spells, and charms. All this leads one to the conclusion that the Brahmin sorcerers not only learnt their art from the aboriginal Ojhas, but that a great many of them are descended from the non-Hindoo priests, specimens of whom abound even at the present day among the wild and casteless tribes of Northern India.

D. N. D.

THE VESUVIAN VOLCANIC REGION

EVERY one has heard of the beauty of the Bay of Naples, the fertility of its shores, and the eruptive activity of its world-famed volcano. But the volcanic features of the neighbourhood of Naples, north of that city as well as south, west as well as east, are not so generally known.

Mount Vesuvius, indeed, has drawn so much attention to itself, and has so powerfully attracted the observation of visitors to Naples, that the volcanic character of the Neapolitan district as a whole has been too much overlooked. For it ought to be borne in mind that Vesuvius is only one, though undoubtedly the most prominent, of the remarkable features of a volcanic district of exceptionally great interest, not only geographically and geologically, but also historically and classically.

Although this district has been in the past more visited than any other volcanic region, few will deny that in the future this pre-eminence will be still further increased. When the ease and rapidity with which Italy can now be reached is better known—for Alpine tunnels and through *trains de luxe* are but of yesterday—and when the surpassing charms of that glorious country become more generally appreciated, the Vesuvian volcanic region must prove an irresistible attraction to an ever-increasing number of observers of natural phenomena, and lovers of scenic beauty.

But just as Vesuvius itself is only one of many remarkable features of its own volcanic region, so is the Vesuvian, or Neapolitan, district but one of several Italian volcanic regions. The Sicilian, with the giant cone of Etna, the constantly active Stromboli, "the Lighthouse of the Mediterranean," and the recently active Vulcano (from which the general name for all these fiery mountains is taken) is, like the Vesuvian region, well known, chiefly, no doubt, because it is the only other in which at present eruptive action is displayed.

Eastwards from Vesuvius, however, and close to Melfi, there is a vast volcanic mountain not so generally known. This great mass of volcanic materials attests the violence of eruptive activity in the past, on the opposite or eastern side of the main mountain axis of Italy, the Apennines, for Monte Vulture is at the fork of the great Apennine range and its eastern spur, which projects south-eastwards towards the heel of the Peninsula.

Then to the west of Vesuvius, and not very far from the Bay of Naples, there are the volcanic Ponzia Islands just outside the wide Gulf of Gaeta, and dotting with their trachytic rocks the blue waters of the Tyrrhenian Sea.

Not to mention minor intermediate volcanic areas north of the Neapolitan, there is the important Roman volcanic region, extinct though it be, for eruptive activity in pre-historic times has given to the Roman Campagna, and the country north of Rome, the beautiful crater-lakes of Altilano and Nemi, with the lovely and romantic scenery all around, extending from Frascati to Velletri, the vast crater-lake of Bracciano, and the Seven Hills of the "Eternal City" itself. Then, further north—north of the Po, and across the great Lombardian and Venetian plain—the igneous rocks of the Vincinian and Euganean Hills also bear testimony to past Cis-Alpine volcanic activity.

Some of these volcanic districts are altogether inland, one is altogether marine, and two are partly terrestrial and partly marine. These last are the two in which volcanic action is at present active—the Sicilian and the Neapolitan. It is the latter with which we are now more immediately concerned.

Including, as it does, not only the Vesuvian area proper—that is, the area of the Vesuvian mountain—but also the site of the city and suburbs of Naples, the Phlegrean Fields, the Plain of Capua, and the Islands of Ischia, Procida, and Nisida, the Neapolitan volcanic region comprises the greater part of the Bay of Naples and its surroundings, as well as a considerable extent of country to the north-west. If a line be drawn from the most southern point of the Island of Ischia across the Bay to the town of Castellamare, the insular and hilly region north of that line, as far as the site of ancient Cuma, is conspicuously volcanic, and the plain beyond, as

far north as the city of Capua, will be found to be volcanic also; while the area to the south of the supposed line is unvolcanic. The southern unvolcanic portion of the Bay and its contiguous land includes the island of Capri and the Sorrento peninsula, which are both formed of the same great formation that constitutes much of the mountain axis of Italy—the Apennine limestone.

The Neapolitan volcanic region as a whole may be conveniently divided into five topographical divisions, having very distinct geographical and physiographical characters. These are as follows:—(1) The Phlegrean Fields, with the promontory of Misenum and the island of Nisida; (2) The hilly district forming the site of Naples, and its western and northern suburbs; (3) The plain of Capua; (4) The Vesuvian mountain, with its encircling lands; and (5) The Islands of Ischia and Procida, with the northern portion of the Bay, the bottom of which is composed of volcanic material. Though Mount Vesuvius is pre-eminently the most important and conspicuous volcanic feature in the whole district, and though it has overpoweringly drawn to itself the greatest attention from its frequent, and sometimes destructive, activity in modern times, and the devastating effects of its first historic eruption, that of A.D. 79, when Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae were entirely destroyed, yet each of the other portions of the region are full of interest, and worthy of repeated visits and attentive observation.

That marvellous district, the Phlegrean Fields, recalling so forcibly remembrances of telescopic views of the surface of the moon, with Avernus and the Sibyl's Cave, with Baiae and the Hlyasian Fields, with the Lucrine Lake and Astroni, with Monte Nuovo and the Solfatara, with the Temple of Serapis and the Bridge of Caligula, must have for all, whether inclined to science or to classics, whether interested by nature's wonders or charmed by nature's beauty, an attraction all its own.

The site of Naples has its double amphitheatre of hills, with a commanding summit crowned by the Castello San Elmo and the Convent of San Martino, the ridge extending to the sea at Pizzofalcone and the precipices of Santa Lucia, the Capo di Monte, with its Royal palace and its ilex groves, the island rock of the Castelon dell'Ovo, the line of elevations along the seaward slopes of which winds the new and fine drive, the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, overlooking the beautiful gardens of the Villa Nazionale skirting the shore of the Bay, and to the west the villa-adorned Virgilian Hill of Posilipo, with its far-famed "grotto." And all these elevations and, too, the ground forming the bottoms of all the intervening valleys, are composed of volcanic tufa, made up of material ejected from the interior of the earth long, long before the foundations of Mount Vesuvius were laid by the first eruptive activity of this volcanic vent.

The plain of Capua was famed in ancient times for its abounding richness and fertility, and it is no less productive at the present day. From the enjoyment of the abundant produce of this plain, the Campanus Ager, it is said that the army of Hannibal became by a winter's encampment on its volcanic soil so enervated, that the great Carthaginian General lost the mastery of the world. It spreads out in level expanse, covered with luxuriant verdure, crops of cereals, and groves, orchards, gardens, and vineyards, extending from the vicinity of Naples to the foot of the Apennines, with Capua, Caserta, and Nola, and numerous other towns and villages, sustained by the plenteous harvests of oil, and wine, and corn, that make glad the heart of man.

The beautiful volcanic islands that stand out to sea as breakwaters to the harbour-like Bay of Naples are alike most interesting to the student of science, charming to the artist, and delightful to the ordinary tourist. Ischia has its great volcanic mass, Epomeo, towering above its centre, with its cone-studded slopes descending to the sea, its earthquake-shaken rocks, its hot springs, its luxuriant vegetation, and its picturesque coast, and all surrounded by the sparkling waters of the blue Mediterranean. Procida, too, with its curious and suggestive remnants of craters, its castled terraces and magnificent prospects, its orange groves and vineyards, and its romantic shores is not far behind in scientific interest and scenic beauty.

Thus it will be seen that in the immediate neighbourhood of Naples, a now most easily-reached and a delightful city, there is to be found a concentration of remarkable natural features, localities of great historical and poetic interest, and scenes of loveliness perhaps unrivalled in the whole world.

J. L. L.

MALINGERING

MALINGERING, or the art of shamming disease, has always been popular among three classes—beggars, who wish by its aid to appeal more successfully to the sympathies of the charitable; convicts, who find prison discipline opposed to their tastes, and long for the leisure and creature comforts of the hospital; and formerly, when the soldier's life was not such a happy one as short service and better treatment have now made it, among those who, finding their lot widely different to the brilliant picture that had been drawn by the recruiting sergeant, were anxious to obtain their discharge from the service of their country. The report of the Commission that in 1858 inquired into the sanitary condition of the army makes it clear that, previous to the improvements which it was the means of effecting, the state of affairs in the majority of barracks was quite bad enough to induce men to adopt almost any step that would result in their getting out of the army. Numerous cases are recorded of soldiers on active service inflicting upon themselves wounds which they hoped would be the means of obtaining their release, and a pension into the bargain. During an insurrection in the Kandian country in 1818, a member of the 19th Regiment was sentry at a post where he was exposed to a certain extent to the enemy's fire. He seems to have been struck with the idea that this was an opportunity of getting sent home invalided that was too good to be thrown away, and accordingly fired his musket into the calf of his left leg. Unfortunately he forgot that the effects of a gun-shot wound at a distance of several hundred yards could hardly be the same as those of one inflicted by himself, and when the surgeon found that nearly the whole of his calf had been blown off, he was naturally led to look further into the matter. The discovery of gunpowder in the flesh of the wounded man's leg, as well as of the fact that his musket had been recently discharged, tended to throw doubts upon the tale he told of having received the hurt from the enemy.

A sergeant in the 62nd regiment bought a pistol and bribed a man to shoot him through the arm, hoping that by trumping up a tale of injury received at the hands of some one who was ill-disposed towards the military he would obtain his discharge and a large pension. His story was believed at first, but the drunken verisimilitude of his accomplice swept away his carefully-laid plans, and he received a severe punishment in place of the expected pension. A private imitated epileptic fits so cleverly that though the regimental surgeon was sure that he was shamming, he could show no positive proof of his belief. The fits increased in frequency and violence, and the man was on the point of obtaining his discharge. One day he was writing on the ground in his usual style, when the surgeon arrived and called out, "Bring that can of boiling water that I told you to have ready." His order was hastily obeyed, and he dashed the water over the apparently suffering man. The latter jumped up with a howl of anguish, and declared that he was blistered all over; but a wonderful change came over him when it was pointed out that the water had been perfectly cold. Hearing the hot water

called for, he naturally imagined that it had been thrown upon him, and his fear and imagination were sufficiently vivid to make him fancy himself severely scalded. In the early days of the century there was a sudden epidemic of ophthalmia in the 50th Regiment. The curious fact that it was invariably confined to *one* eye roused the suspicions of the surgeon, and a searching investigation ensued, which divulged the fact that the disease was induced by the application to the eye of corrosive sublimate and blue-stone. The use of these substances led to a state closely resembling ophthalmia, and had the delinquents not been so careful to keep one eye sound they would no doubt have succeeded in their attempt to cheat the authorities. As it was, they only brought a court-martial and summary punishment upon themselves. Pepper, snuff, salt, and alum have also been used to induce counterfeit ophthalmia.

Deafness was a favourite ailment with malingering soldiers. A case is recorded of one who pretended that an attack of fever had left him deaf and dumb, and kept up the deception for five or six years, carrying on all communication by writing. An awkward recruit once injured his ear while firing blank cartridges, but he expressed his pain by contortions only, and never uttered a sound. He was at length discharged, and made a sufficiently rapid recovery to be able to return with a grin the "good-byes" of comrades whom he passed as he was leaving the barracks.

Sham deafness may be often detected by commencing a conversation with the malingeringer in a loud tone, and gradually dropping the voice as it proceeds. Thrown off his guard by the gradual nature of the change, the impostor will frequently answer questions addressed to him in quite a low voice. It is related that a soldier who pretended to be deaf in order to escape a journey to India was admitted to the hospital, and, upon the surgeon's orders, kept for a week upon bread and water. At the end of that time the surgeon paid him a visit, and asked the attendant what food he had been given. "Bread and water," was the reply. "What ever for? The poor fellow is half starved. Give him a beefsteak and a pint of ale at once." "Heaven bless you, doctor," fervently exclaimed the afflicted man, who was heartily tired of his monotonous diet, and unable to restrain his satisfaction at hearing such good news. A convict was once apparently afflicted with disease of the spine, that entirely deprived him of the use of his lower limbs. In vain were attempts made to catch him napping. He was kept without water, and then watched through peep-holes to see whether he would get up and help himself from a jug standing near; but he never moved. A warder once put his head into the door of his cell and shouted "Fire!" rushing off and leaving the door wide open, but the only movement the cripple made was to lift his clasped hand as if praying Heaven to have pity upon him. Finally he was discharged long before his time, and his friends came and carried him away. Once removed from the uncongenial atmosphere of the prison he recovered sufficiently to engage in his old business of burglary; he was caught within a year of his discharge, and, on being committed on a fresh term of imprisonment, found himself unable to induce his authorities to believe in more ailments. Another prisoner professed to be a martyr to sciatica. The attacks were so severe that he was for days unable to move. He was thoroughly up in all the symptoms of the complaint, and detailed them every day to the doctor at such length, and with so much knowledge of the proper medical terms, that it was thought he must have some pamphlet from which he drew his information. A strict watch was accordingly kept upon him, and he was seen to take from beneath a tile in the floor of his cell a treatise that was found to contain an accurate description of the malady that he affected. Beggars are often masters in the art of malingering—many of them have been known to put themselves to terrible pain in their efforts to appear worthy objects for the bestowal of charity. The skin is sometimes scraped off with a piece of glass, and the unsightly wounds produced are kept from healing by a variety of methods. Swelled limbs are manufactured by the injection of poisons, and ulcers fostered by the insertion of pieces of metal into cuts. But the more talented produce just as good effects without subjecting themselves to any needless suffering. A naturally pale and thin individual can, by the aid of a white head-dress and an artistic touch of red paint beneath the eyes, to give an appearance of hollowness to the cheeks, make himself look as though he were in a galloping consumption. A thin coat of soap on the arm, followed by the saturation of the member with vinegar, will result in a festering appearance, that, combined with a look of patient suffering, should yield a steady daily income that the most hard-working artisan would envy. Some tramps possess the knack of bringing on severe fits of vomiting by pressure of the stomach, and cheerfully bear the discomfort entailed in consideration of the abundant harvest of coppers that a timely display of their skill generally calls forth. Schoolboys with elastic consciences often manage to avail themselves of the comforts of the sick-house, and at the same time escape work, by a little piece of malingering. Earache is a favourite ailment, as it is difficult to detect whether it is present or no. Dr. Moberly used to tell a delightful story of an interview he had with a Winchester boy who was unable to attend school on account of an alleged stiff neck. "Well, my boy," said the head-master, "what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, sir," was the reply, "my neck is terribly stiff. I can move my head this way and that way" (nodding it backwards and forwards), "but I can't move it that way" (giving it a violent jerk to the left), "and I can't move it that way," joggling it with similar violence to the right.

A. S.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. MARCUS S. C. RICKARDS, M.A., F.L.S., gives us a volume of various verse, entitled "Sonnets and Reveries" (J. Baker and Son). The subjects are often taking enough, but the thoughts are rather obscure than profound, though Mr. Rickards is not without the faculty of correct and rhythmical expression. Sometimes the author is not altogether unfortunate in his rendering of an idea, though then the idea is probably not of striking novelty. As illustrative of our meaning, and as a fair sample of his work, we may quote the last half of the sonnet, "Haunted":—

Pure maid, foul fiend, and nightly in one room
Is murder done. Her prayer is met with scorn,
Her tears with death. Thus in a bad man's heart
Virtue expires. Each eve it plays the part
Of pleader, yet by vice is overborne.
So shunned like that lone house, he stands forlorn,
Men shun his look, and from his presence start.

A certain simple-minded piety characterises the volume of Mr. Charles M. Dickinson, "The Children, and Other Verses" (Sampson Low). The author is kindly, has a great command of pretty words, and fluent versification, as in:—

When the night comes down
Over field and town,
And hides all the flowers and meadow daisies,
I turn my eyes to the blossoming skies,
To the far-off gardens of Paradise.

Still, with this poet we are like the Yorkshireman with the claret, "we get no forrader," except in the sense that we are taught that little boys are very innocent, and little birds very happy; and neither of these teachings quite corresponds with facts. However, "The Children, and Other Verses," being guilelessly written, may prove of profit to the guileless.

Mr. Alfred Harry Huth has translated in the original rhyme and metre "The Tragedy of Faustus," by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe: "The First Part" (Sampson Low). Mr. Huth began his work in his boyhood, and has continued it over a long period of years. The language he has adopted is partly Jacobean, and partly modern, to correspond with the partly mediæval, partly modern, philosophical correspond with the play. His rhymes, with hardly an exception, occur style of the original, the metre also corresponds, line for line, with the original, with but few exceptions; while, at the same time, he has endeavoured to translate literally, and make his rendering read as little like a translation as possible. Altogether his creditable striving has met with a very fair measure of success.

We have received No. XI. of "Popular Poets of the Period" (Griffith, Farran, and Co.), edited by Mr. F. A. H. Eyles. This number includes biographies and extracts from the works of the Earl of Lytton, Robert Buchanan, Robert Whelan Boyle, Andrew Lang, and Edmund Gosse.



I.

THE *Universal Review* contains some interesting papers. Professor Freeman writes on "Political Differences and Moral Crimes." Generally he lays down two rules: Never treat a mere political difference as if it were a moral crime; and never treat a moral crime as if it were a mere political difference. Thus, the late Lord Beaconsfield may be Anathema Maranatha to the Professor, while he would more softly objugate where Mr. Goldwin Smith or Mr. Dicey are in question. He observes, however, that the former "is sometimes very trying."—Mr. Henry W. Lucy had the great advantage of visiting the "Châteaux in Médoc" and the vineyards in the company of representatives of some of the principal houses, who were going about their daily work, and permitted him to accompany them. He supplies an agreeably written *resumé* of his *impressions de voyage*.—Lady Dilke contributes "The Next Extension of the Suffrage," and "Palmyra as a Fine Art" (illustrated) is treated by Mr. W. L. Courtney, who deals with its theory, while Mr. Edwin Ellis has something to say of its practice.

A fine and serious poem, "How I Consulted the Oracle of the Gold Fishes," by Mr. James Russell Lowell, opens the *Atlantic Monthly*. He tells us how much suggestive half-light reminiscences of his childhood's gold fishes shed on the vexed problems hinted at in these opening lines:

What know we of the world immense
Beyond the narrow ring of sense?
What should we know, who lounge about
The house we dwell in, nor find out
Masked by a wall, the secret cell
Where the soul's priests in hiding dwell?
The winding stair that steals aloft
To chapel-mysteries 'neath the roof?

Besides this noteworthy poem we may allude to Mr. Paul Lafleur's paper on "A Poet of French Canada," and Mr. G. M. Wahl's article on "The German Boy at Leisure."

In *Macmillan* "An Old Pupil" supplies some interesting reminiscences of "Orlando Bridgman Hyman," of whom the late Mark Pattison in his "Memoirs" speaks "as offering in his talk a type of high scholarship which I had never been in contact with before."—An admirable classical paper is "Hippolytus Veiled," by Mr. Walter Pater. There is a sonnet "To Lord Tennyson on his Eightieth Birthday, August 6th, 1889." The Poet Laureate is thus addressed:—

Oh singer of the knightly days of old!
Oh singer of the knell to lust and hate!
Oh bringer of new hope from memory's shrine:
When God doth set in Heaven thy harp of gold,
The souls that made this generation great
Shall own the voice that helped their hearts was thine.

G. B. writes in *Temple Bar* "Apropos of Samuel Rogers," and seems to take a just and fair estimate of his character.—"J. F." has a pleasant paper on an old subject—the fair capital of "Valdarno" in "Flowers and Fire."

A lively sketch of life in camp and quarters appears in the *English Illustrated*, where Mr. Archibald Forbes writes of "Bill Beresford and his Victoria Cross."—"Out-Door Paris," by Mr. Theodore Child, is also good; while of more than usual attraction for folk, literary and journalistic, is "Charles Dickens as an Editor," with introductory notes by his son, Mr. Charles Dickens.

A beautifully illustrated paper on "The Kremlin and Russian Art," by Mr. Theodore Child, opens *Harper*. After seeing Moscow one must, in his opinion, come to the conclusion that there exists a Russian national Art bearing as distinct a *cachet* as its village architecture, its embroidery, its music, and its costume. A valuable article on "The Religious Movement in Germany" appears from the pen of M. F. Lichtenberger, Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris.

A fine portrait of Lord Tennyson forms the frontispiece of the *Century*—an engraving by Mr. T. Johnson, after a photograph by Mrs. Cameron. Most delightful little wood-cuts, illustrative of aquatic life, by Mr. Joseph Pennell, adorn the text of "The Stream of Pleasure," which is the title Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell gives to the River Thames. Combining scientific value with general interest is Mr. Weir Mitchell's "The Poison of Serpents."—An instructive literary paper is "The Bible in Tennyson," by Mr. Henry Van Dyke, who observes:—"The chief peril which threatens the permanence of Christian faith and morals is none other than the malice of modern letters—an atmosphere of dull, heavy, faithless materialism. Into this narcotic air the poetry of Tennyson blows like a pure wind from a loftier and serener height."

Some curious facts about "Old College Days in Calcutta" are given by Mr. C. T. Buckland in *Longman*. Formerly in the College of Fort William, established by the Marquis of Wellesley at the beginning of the century, extravagance took every form, "and it became almost the rule for each student to get a lakh of rupees (10,000*l.*) in debt before he passed out of college."

"The Duddon Vale; As It Is, and Is To Be," is the title of an almost, if not altogether, patriotic protest in *Cornhill* against the action of the Barrow Corporation. The Waterworks will destroy a river described by Wordsworth as one "which for beauty may be compared to any river, of equal length of course, in any country," and this, notwithstanding, as this writer says, that high up in the hills Nature in the Seathwaite and Devoke Tarns has provided ample reservoirs for Barrow and its steel works into the bargain, and that Conistone Lake, Esthwaite, and Windermere are well within reach.

The frontispiece of the *Woman's World* is a striking portrait of "Madame Tallien," from M. S. Masquerier's picture, and of this remarkable lady we have a brightly-written biographical sketch from the pen of Miss Mabel F. Robinson.—Mrs. Janet E. Hogarth opens the periodical with some sensible remarks on "Hurry." In one place she observes:—"You can hardly read your favourite poet without falling into the clutches of a society which proposes to interpret him to you; and even if you are heretical enough to prefer your own interpretation, fashion probably proves too strong for you, and carries you off by might and main to be improved and cultivated."

An etching by P. Le Rat from Adolf Menzel's picture "In the Chimney Corner," is the somewhat commonplace frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art*. A good technical paper, "On the Printing of Etchings," is from the pen of Mr. Mortimer Menpes.—Mr. T. G. Jackson, F.S.A., gives us a capital illustrated article all about "The High Street of Oxford and Brasenose College."—A touching theme is pathetically rendered in "Light," the frontispiece of the *Art Journal*, an etching by M. T. Holzappel, from the picture by Gabriel Max.—Mr. T. Penderel-Brothurst writes an appreciative and eulogistic sketch of "The Newest Associate of the Royal Academy," Mr. William Lionel Wyllie.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

MR. G. RYLANDS, of Warrington, has placed his telescope, which is of large size, and is valued at 500*l.*, at the disposal of the Corporation of Liverpool, on condition that that body provides a site for it, and that the work done with it shall be under the supervision of the Liverpool Astronomical Society.

The eastern coast of Greenland and the adjacent sea-bottom are to form the subject of examination by a deep-sea exploration party, which left Kiel recently, under command of Professor Hensen.

The Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom is a Society which meets annually—like the British Association—at some well-known centre, in order to read and discuss papers, and to afford such enjoyment to the members as can be gleaned from excursions and social gatherings. For the first time this comparatively new Society meets this year in the metropolis, and its headquarters for the middle week of August will be at the Great St. James's Hall. Here an exhibition of pictures and apparatus will take place, and meetings will be held. If the weather be propitious excursions into "Greater London" will be arranged daily for the benefit of country members, and we have little doubt that some of the visitors will be agreeably surprised to find that this smoky city is provided with such picturesque surroundings. The President of the Convention for this year is one of the best known of amateur photographers—Mr. Andrew Pringle.

We mentioned some months ago that celluloid—a product of camphor and collodion—was superseding glass as a support for the photographic film—and we pointed out the advantages of the substitution in the matter of lightness, and freedom from brittleness. Now a still further advance has been made in the introduction of a new form of celluloid, which is so flexible that it can be wound on a couple of rollers—panorama fashion—so that a long band of it can be exposed, section by section, to the action of the lens within the camera. This advance is a most important one, and is likely to cause quite a revolution in the method of taking photographic pictures. The flexible celluloid is not yet a marketable commodity, but very soon will be introduced under the parentage of the Eastman Company.

A new form of piano—for the delight of musicians and the despair of next-door neighbours—is about to be introduced by Messrs. T. Wilkinson and Sons, of Birmingham, which will be furnished with gongs in lieu of strings. These gongs are of peculiar form, and give a note of greater sweetness and purity than can perhaps be produced by any other instrument of percussion. The form of the gong is of scientific interest, because it has doubtless been suggested by those metallic resonance chambers which were used long ago by Helmholtz in his experimental determination of the over-tones or harmonics which are associated with musical sounds. The form adopted in the new gong is a lenticular chamber of brass, the cubical contents of which are carefully calculated to vibrate to a particular note. Across the one opening of this hollow vessel is fixed, on a couple of studs, a flat bar of bell-metal, a few inches in length. When this bar is struck with a leather-covered drumstick, a full, rich note is produced. It is noticeable that, when the slip of bell-metal is detached from its resonance-box, it will give, when struck, but little sound; but if, immediately after being struck, it is held over the opening in the box, the sound is immediately augmented. These gongs have for some time past been in use as separate instruments, and have also, in some cases, been fitted up as carillons.

On the New York and New Haven Railway, recently, the locomotive attached to an express train, while in rapid motion, was struck by lightning, and so injured that it came to a standstill. Both the engineer and fireman in charge were stunned for a time, but recovered without serious results. This is, we believe, the first recorded incident of the kind.

A method of signalling for the use of the police by means of a red glass globe, which is made to encircle the gas-flame of an ordinary street-lamp, has been elaborated by Messrs. Brewer and Smith, of the United States, and has recently been the subject of demonstration in London. The system also includes a telephonic apparatus, enclosed in a metal box, and attached to the same support, so that policemen in search of assistance can summon local aid, or can communicate direct with the nearest station.—A correspondent of the *Times* calls attention to a simpler and more effective aid to policemen on duty at night, and one which has long ago been adopted in Liverpool, to the terror of evil-doers. It consists in the adoption of rubber-soled boots, so that the wearer can walk his beat without advertising his approach by his noisy footfalls. We commend this simple device to the Vigilance Committee of Whitechapel.

We have recently had an opportunity of seeing in action Douse's Automatic Chemical Fire Check, which is controlled by electricity. Most warehouses, where inflammable goods are stored, are furnished with some kind of protection against fire, from the simple pail of water to the elaborate sprinkler, which, fixed in the ceiling, will deluge the place with water directly the unusual heat acts upon it. Douse's fire-check is of the nature of a sprinkler, but it possesses advantages which are not comprised in the ordinary system. To begin with, it is not connected with the water supply, so that when its useful work is accomplished it does not go on saturating goods with water, and doing almost as much damage as would have been accomplished by the fire. Another advantage lies in the fact that the water which is discharged from it is combined with certain chemicals, which renders anything upon which it falls very difficult of ignition; whilst at the same time a copious fall of carbon dioxide takes place, rendering the very atmosphere unable to support flame.

All this is brought about by very simple apparatus. The principal part is represented by a metal container which holds about three gallons of water, which is made strongly alkaline by the addition of soda, &c. In the centre of the liquid is hung a bottle of sulphuric acid, which also contains a test-tube holding an Abel's of fuse in electrical communication with a battery. The lower part of this container is fitted with brass nozzles, pierced with minute holes so as to act as sprinklers when the right time comes. As they are so connected internally with syphon tubes, they cannot even drip until pressure upon the contained liquid is brought into play. This pressure is secured in a very ingenious manner, and it must be noticed, as a distinct advantage, that it does not exist until the moment when it is actually required. The electric circuit includes a thermostat of simple construction. It consists of a box of thin brass filled with air. This box expands on the application of heat, and causes electrical contact to be made between its surface and a screw, which may be so set that the union cannot take place until a pre-determined temperature has been reached by the surrounding

air. When this critical point is arrived at, the thermostat completes the electric circuit, the fuse in the acid bottle explodes, the bottle breaks, scatters its contents in the alkaline water surrounding it, and the entire volume of liquid is forced as spray through the brass nozzles.

In the demonstration which we attended, a wooden building of large dimensions was fitted with two of these apparatus—the containers being concealed above, and the brass nozzles only projecting into the room from the ceiling. After piling up the floor with shavings and laths, and plentifully sprinkling all with paraffin, a match was applied, and we were invited to watch the results through a convenient window. The flames were soon filling the room, when, with a dull thud, the small explosion was apparent, and the apparatus was brought into action. At the same moment an electric alarm-bell outside the building began to ring. In less than one minute every trace of fire—except the blackened wood-work and a pungent smell—had disappeared. This interesting trial of what seems to be an admirable contrivance took place in a timber yard adjoining the South Bermondsey Station on the Brighton Railway.

T. C. H.



MISCELLANEOUS.—Herrick's sweet little poem, "To Daffodils," has inspired many composers to set it to music. Gladys L. Evans has scored a success with a pleasing setting for a contralto, with a violin accompaniment (Messrs. Hutchings and Romer).—A song which will win universal favour is "Unto Thy Heart," a serenade, the French words by Victor Hugo. English version by E. O. Coe, music by F. Allitsen; it is published in three keys; there is a very graceful violin obbligato (Messrs. E. Ascherberg and Co.).—There is much pathos in the words of "An Old Friend" (to a piano), written and composed by Letitia McClintock; the music, with its unpretentious violin obbligato, is well suited to the theme (Messrs. Forsyth Brothers).—"The Turn of the Tide," written and composed by George Cecil, is a simple and pleasing little love song with a good moral; the accompaniment is arranged for the banjo, which will make this song very useful for country fêles, on the water, or in the fields and woods. By the above composer is "The Blue Bell Gavotte" (for one or two banjos), a merry little *morceau* (Messrs. Wilcocks and Co.).—A capital serio-comic song for a people's concert is "Hullo! Hullo!" words by George E. Devry (from "Puck"), composed by Jehu Mathews, arranged for voice and piano by Charles F. Phillips; this romance of a telephone will raise many a hearty laugh when sung with spirit (W. Paxton).—There is much sterling merit in "Romanesca," for violin and piano, by G. Saint George.—Clever and not super-difficult are "Trois Morceaux de Salon," for the pianoforte, by J. Jacques Haakman; they are well-suited for the schoolroom to cultivate the taste as well as to exercise the fingers of young musical students (Charles Woolhouse).—The same may be said of "The Diatonic and Chromatic Scales," calculated to promote technical execution, for the use of violoncello students, by Percival Cooke, from which much excellent practice may be obtained (Messrs. Novello and Ewer).—A very good setting of "Come Per Me Sereno," the well-known cavatina from Bellini's opera of *La Sonnambula*, arranged as a solo for the cornet, with pianoforte accompaniment, by S. V. Balfour, is well worthy the attention of players on this instrument (Messrs. Hawkes and Son).—"The High Peak March," "The Hop-Scotch Schottische," and "The Derbyshire Waltzes," by Joseph Benne, are fairly good specimens of their respective schools; the schottische is the best of the group (John Heywood, Manchester).—"Shining Stars," a series of easy and instructive pieces for the pianoforte, with footnotes, composed and carefully fingered by S. Claude Ridley, will please beginners, for whom they are intended. Prettiest of the set are "Venus" (III.), and "Allegro" (IV.) (Messrs. Beal and Co.).

THE MEMORIAL CONVENT TO THE UNFORTUNATE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA, established in his shooting lodge at Meyerling, will be consecrated in October, with great solemnity. The room where Prince Rudolph died has already been converted into a chapel.

NAPOLEON THE GREAT'S FAVOURITE CAMP BEDSTEAD has just been found at Strassburg. The Emperor used this bed during his last campaigns, and took it with him to Elba, while at his death it was housed in the Parisian Musée des Souverains. This collection being dispersed by the present Republic, the bedstead disappeared, until discovered accidentally in an old Albanian curiosity-shop.

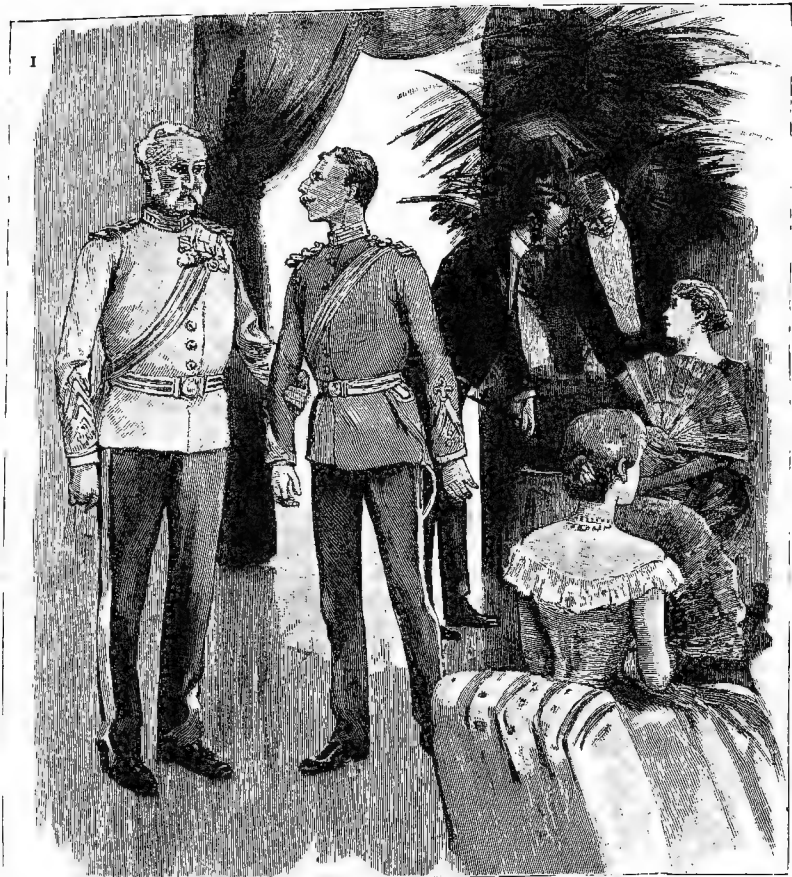
WIDOW RE-MARRIAGE AMONG THE HINDOOS is even encouraged by some castes near Ahmedabad, contrary to the practice of most of their co-religionists. These natives also object to the ruinous wedding expenses; so they often marry a girl to a bunch of flowers, which is afterwards thrown down a well. The husband is thus considered dead; and the girl, as a widow, can be married again at moderate cost.

THE HOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL FLOATING WATER-PLANT, *Pontederia Azuera*, which first flowered in England nine years ago in the Victoria House at the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, has been found on the Parana River, at Rosaria, South America. Mr. C. W. Sowerby saw masses of the plant floating down the river, and forming islands one or two acres in extent. One of these islands was solid enough to support a puma.

A WORLD'S EXPOSITION IS TO BE HELD AT NEW YORK in 1892, opening on the 400th anniversary of Columbus's discovery of America. Our Transatlantic cousins are always anxious to "beat the record," so this Exhibition is intended to be the grandest show ever seen, far outshining the Paris display. Organising committees have already been formed in New York, and all the nations of the globe will be invited to participate.

SNOWDON will still remain accessible to the public, and its new owner, Sir Edward Watkin, intends to improve the roads and approaches to render the ascent easier. He has offered to the Royal Observatory a suitable site on the summit for the erection of a branch institution. Speaking of British mountains, the body of a tourist, named Rose, who had been missing since July 15, has been found on Goat Fell, the highest point in Arran. The circumstances attending his death appear to be highly suspicious.

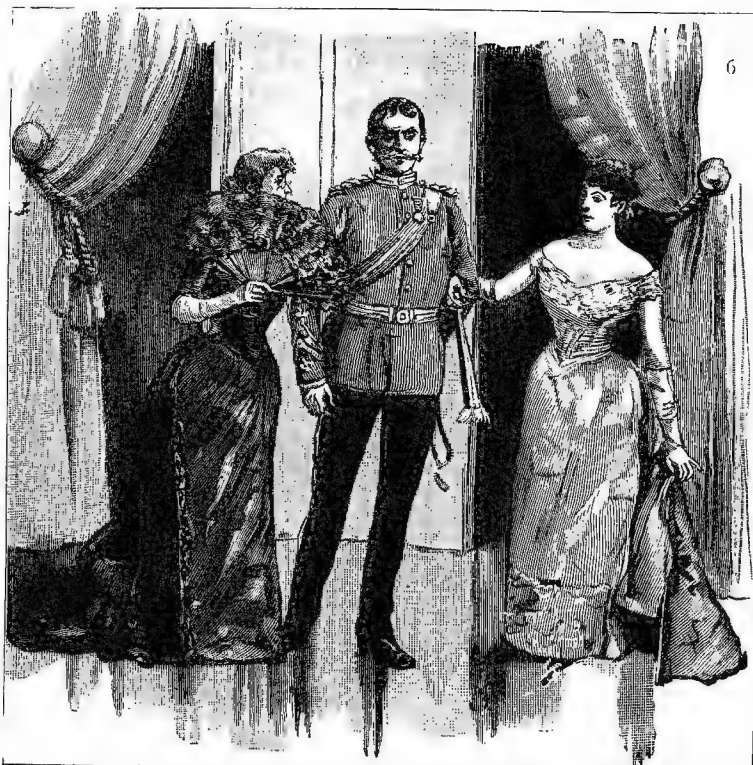
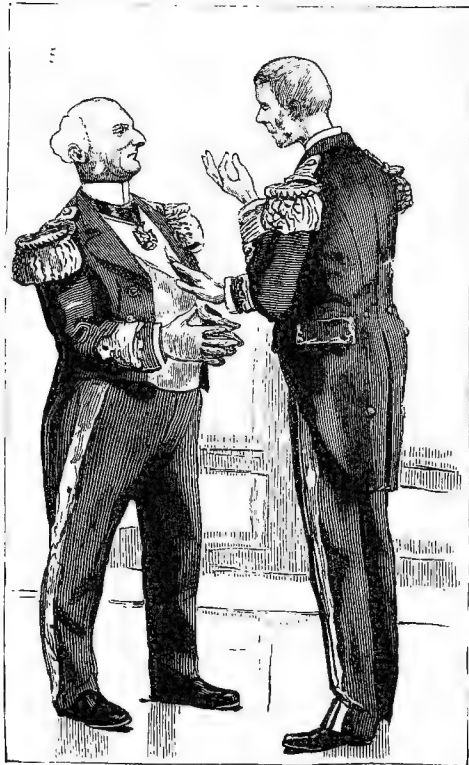
KANGAROOS AND OPOSSUMS are to be strictly protected in South Australia, in order to check the indiscriminate slaughter for the sake of the creatures' skins. In future, neither of the animals may be taken from December to May. It is hoped that the other Colonies will follow suit, for, if some such step is not taken speedily, the kangaroo will die out altogether. By-the-by, opossums are carefully reared in the United States, and one of the most profitable properties in Georgia is an opossum farm. The animals live in a thick grove, interspersed with hollow trees and logs, and are fed on scraps like pig-wash. Besides the value of their skins, the 'possums are much appreciated baked, and are generally sent to Washington as a Southern delicacy.

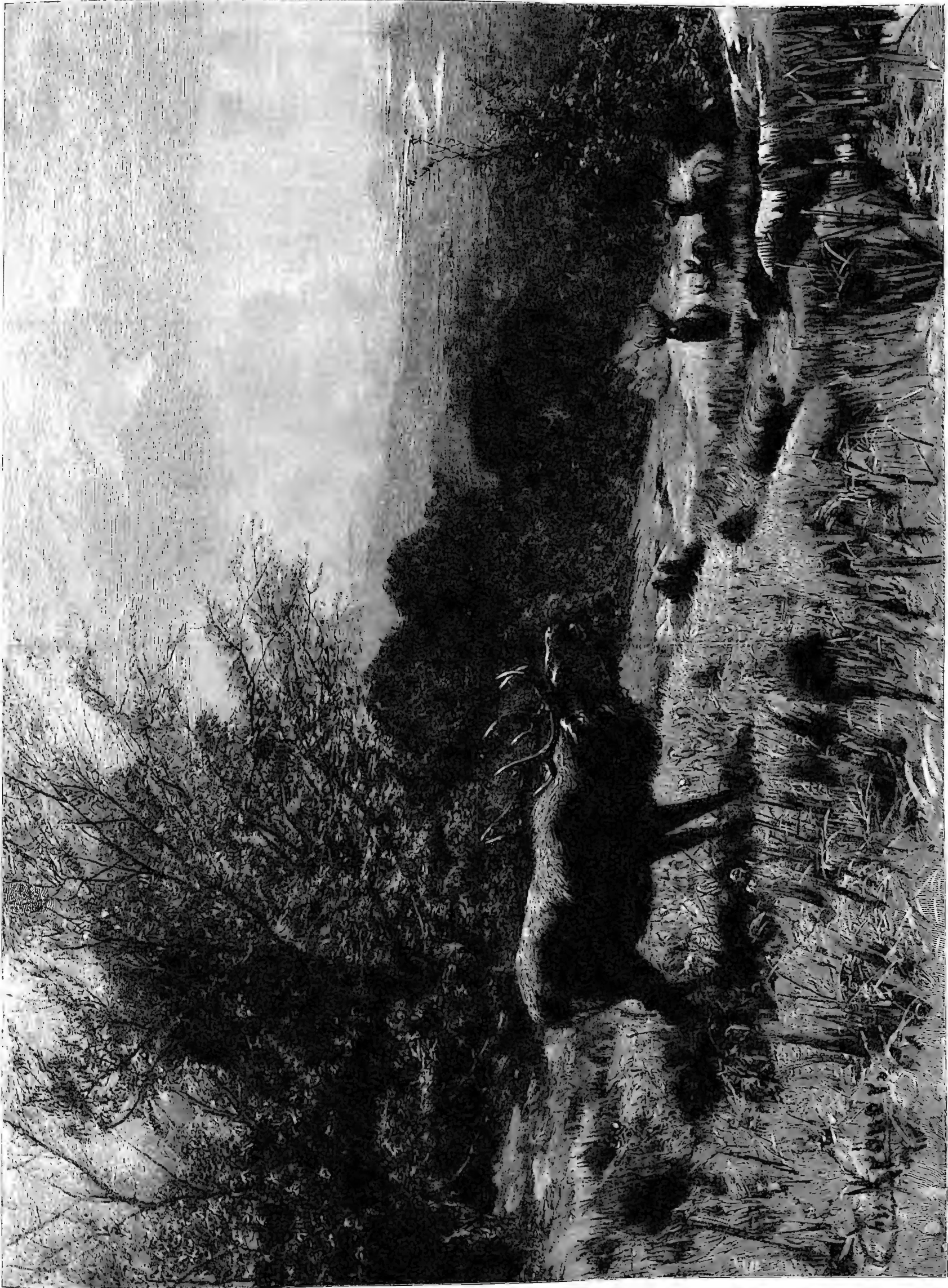


1. "AH, YOU YOUNG DOG: DON'T DANCE THE NEXT DANCE WITH MISS LAMB; I'M LOOKING FOR HER"



- 2. "I SAY, M'GUNN, JUST LOOK AFTER MRS. SENIOR AND MY DAUGHTER WHILE I HAVE A RUBBER"
- 3. MAGNIFICENT BUT CONDESCENDING MILLIONAIRE: "SOUDAN, HEY?" UNIMPRESSED SUBALTERN: "NO; LYMPH"
- 4. PENALTIES OF GARRISON SOCIETY: EPAULETTES AND SPURS. (THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS IN THE INJURY THEY INFLICT)
- 5. TWO OFFICERS FIND IT AN EXCELLENT OCCASION TO DISCUSS ORDNANCE LOUDLY. (THEY DIFFER, OF COURSE)
- 6. A DIVIDED DUTY—WIFE AND SISTER-IN-LAW: "AUGUSTUS, DO TAKE ME TO A SHELTERED SPOT AND GET ME A HOT CUP OF COFFEE." "AUGUSTUS, DO STAY HERE AND LET ME COOL; AND GET ME AN ICE"
- 7. REVERSING—LIEUTENANT LACKLANDS: "NOT DANCE WITH ME, MISS SHARPE? WHY AT S——" MISS SHARPE (PROMPTLY): "YES; BUT HERE IT'S REVERSED; AND THERE ARE THREE MEN TO ONE GIRL"





"DEFIANCE"
FROM THE PICTURE BY CARL KRÖNER, EXHIBITED IN "THE GRAPHIC" EXHIBITION OF ANIMAL PAINTINGS



THE campaign against the Dervishes in EGYPT has been brief and conclusive. General Grenfell completely defeated the enemy at Toski on Saturday, when Wad-el-Njumi and his chief Emirs were killed, together with some one thousand five hundred fighting men, and the remaining rebels fled in disorder. The Dervishes had marched steadily northwards till within six miles of Toski. Colonel Wodehouse dogged their advance, and skirmishing parties checked every attempt to occupy the outlying villages or to water at the Nile. Meanwhile the main body of the Egyptian forces had massed at Toski, on the west bank of the Nile, some forty-three miles north of Wady Halfa. Early on Saturday morning General Grenfell went out with a strong mounted force for a final reconnaissance, and found the Dervishes preparing to march forward. The enemy at once opened fire, so General Grenfell gradually fell back, enticing his opponents onwards till sufficient reinforcements had come up from Toski, and had spread out on all sides. The Egyptians then in their turn advanced on the Dervishes, who, finding their way blocked, altered their tactics, and charged repeatedly with desperate bravery. But their courage and energy could not prevail against well-equipped and trained troops. After some fierce hand-to-hand fighting, the Dervishes were beaten back to the plains, and were mown down by the British and Egyptian cavalry, Wad-el-Njumi and his Emirs falling with their men. At their leaders' death the surviving rebels lost heart, and retreated in utter confusion, leaving the Egyptians victors after seven hours' hard contest. Colonel Wodehouse pursued the fugitives and brought in numerous prisoners. Only one Emir is left, Wad-el-Sand, who is in the hills above Bellana with a small force, and will probably be cut off by the cavalry. General Grenfell has decided that these few remaining Dervishes must be dispersed before they have time to recover from their losses, so that they will be followed up at once. The correspondence found in Wad-el-Njumi's camp implicates many prominent natives and officials in Cairo and other chief towns who have long been suspected of Mahdism. Although the enemy's losses were so heavy, the Egyptians suffered comparatively little, considering the severity of the fighting. Seventeen men were killed, including one British private, and one hundred and thirty-one wounded, four of these being British soldiers and two officers, Major Hunter and Lieutenant Cotton. Some hundred flags were taken, besides a quantity of arms and ammunition. Altogether it is estimated that the Egyptian forces engaged mustered about four thousand, against three thousand Dervishes. The Egyptians fought splendidly throughout, even though pitted against such doughty foes as the fanatic Sudanese spearmen. Thus at last they have given decisive proof that native troops can be fully depended on when properly trained, and led by British officers. General Grenfell was especially delighted with their conduct, and he is so confident that the insurgent movement is crushed that he has ordered all British troops back to Cairo, and will himself follow to-day (Saturday). For the present, Matuka will be held as the furthest southern point, with Colonel Wodehouse's head-quarters at Wady-Halfa, but there is a very general feeling that the Egyptian troops should be pushed onwards, at least to Dongola, if the district is to enjoy permanent tranquillity. The mass of refugees, who crowd the camps and shorten the provisions, greatly perplex the authorities, for the country has been so cleared of food, and ravaged during the past month, that it is difficult for them to return to their homes. Fully one thousand prisoners have also to be dealt with. General Grenfell's success aroused immense enthusiasm at Cairo, whence the Khédive and his Ministers telegraphed their congratulations. Suakin was equally delighted, the town illuminating in honour of the victory.

GERMANY is delighted by the hearty welcome given to her Emperor in England. Public sentiment has entirely veered round, and the warmest expressions of friendship replace the complaints and abuse which lately assailed England and the English. The Germans feel that the Emperor's journey is not a mere family visit, but an event of considerable political importance which should firmly cement the Anglo-German relations, and ensure England's support of the Triple Alliance, though she does not enter into formal engagements. It is an union "between the greatest Continental and the greatest Maritime Power in the interests of European peace," says the *Vossische Zeitung*. Germany and England have more common interests than any other countries, declares the Press almost uniformly, and the small jealousies constantly arising are only trifles which cannot disturb the true friendship existing between two nations of such similar character. The various honours exchanged between Queen Victoria and the Emperor are regarded as most important tokens of cordiality, no foreign Sovereign having ever before held the command of a Guard regiment. Further, the Germans are much impressed by the strength of our Navy, which shows, says the *National Zeitung*, that England is fully determined to uphold her position among the nations, though she may appear to slumber for the time. AUSTRIA is also greatly satisfied with the situation, but FRANCE looks on with a very jaundiced eye, and takes refuge in satire. Of German home-news there is practically none, all attention being fixed on England for the present, and on the Austrian Emperor's visit for the future, as His Majesty arrives on Monday. The difference with SWITZERLAND promises to be settled amicably, for although Prince Bismarck's latest Note still demands active measures against Socialist refugees, the Federal Government intend to reply in a conciliatory tone, with the view of modifying the last treaty. The Berlin Committee of the Emin Relief Expedition appeal for funds, complaining of the difficulties Dr. Peters still encounters, while the leader himself sends home fresh lamentations. The Zanzibar Court has ordered the *Neera* to be released, but the Germans must pay the costs of the proceedings. Captain Wissmann finds his men dropping away through sickness.

In FRANCE, the trial of strength between the Government and General Boulanger fluctuates from week to week. Now the General has scored favourably against his adversaries by the able defence put forward in his reply to the Government indictment. Even the warmest Ministerial supporters feel that the indictment is a weak affair, and the General easily converts the charges, and makes out a very good case for himself. He is more logical and not so abusive as usual, and his arguments gain by the change. He declares that the Secret Service Fund money was spent in obtaining most valuable information respecting foreign military preparations and the spy system, and that the imminent risk of war at that time compelled such expenditure. It now remains to be seen how this defence will avail him at the High Court, which was to meet on Thursday. Rumour declared that the General and his friends would appear after all, finding by the Councils-General elections that *les absents ont toujours tort*, but General Boulanger does not seem inclined to risk so bold a stroke. The Court will deliberate in secret, probably for a fortnight. General Boulanger benefited little by the second ballots for the Councils-General on Sunday, which mostly favoured the Conservatives. Altogether the Republicans lost twenty-nine seats, and their strength definitively amounts to 949, against 489 Conservatives, their party being divided into 639 Moderates and 260 Radicals.

PARIS has been fêting the Shah with great zeal and Royal hospitality. His Majesty is delighted by his reception, and goes sight-seeing day after day indefatigably, spending many hours at the Exhibition. The city is crowded with foreign visitors, notably a large student contingent who came over to attend the opening of the new Sorbonne on Sunday, where M. Carnot performed the inauguration with much ceremony. In the evening there was a gala performance at the Opéra, M. Carnot receiving a most enthusiastic greeting from the students. Indeed, the President enjoys vast popularity just now, and it is shrewdly observed that most of the provincials who come to Paris for the Exhibition and see the President so genial and popular will go home ready to vote for a Republic which produces such general prosperity. Sunday's commemoration at the Panthéon of Marceau, Carnot, Baudin, and La Tour d'Auvergne was stately, but rather dull, the Parisians not being so enthusiastic over these Revolutionary martyrs as had been expected. The notorious Communist Félix Pyat has died at the age of seventy-nine.

In EASTERN EUROPE the situation in CRETE goes from bad to worse. True, the Porte declares that the disturbances are much exaggerated, and promises to increase the military forces and restore order by the mediation of a mixed Commission. But, nevertheless, the whole island is in an uproar, the opposed Christian parties being as furious with each other as with the Mussulmans. Candia is being rapidly deserted, for the Turkish authorities are unable to keep order; and the new Governor, Riza Pasha, will find his task no light one. Russia has warned the Porte to protect her subjects, while the Greek Government have now sent a Note to the Powers asking them to intervene, and stating that, if they remain indifferent, Greece herself must take the necessary measures to protect her people.—In SERBIA King Milan and the Regents have been consulting over the meetings between King Alexander and Queen Natalie. A fresh arrangement will shortly be made, and, meanwhile, mother and son are to meet in some Hungarian town, soon after King Milan has left Servia next week. The present atmosphere of intrigue and jealousy surrounding the young King is said to have influenced the Sovereign very unfavourably. As the calling-out of the Servian reserves has aroused so much anxiety, it is announced that the men will only be under the colours for a few days in order to properly organise the national defence.

In INDIA, the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh is again asserting his claims. He addresses a fresh proclamation to the natives of India, announcing that he will shortly enter the country with a European army, supported by Russia, and calls on every native to subscribe one pice apiece monthly towards his expenses, inhabitants of the Punjab to give an anna. He intends to release all prisoners, and to reinstate all who have suffered from British oppression; while, besides repudiating the Indian Debt, he forbids the payment of taxes. Better news comes from Ganjam, as food-prices have fallen, and the rains have done much good. Distress still continues acute, however. Thus, nearly 50,000 persons are on the village relief-lists, some 9,000 being fed at the public kitchens, while 13,400 people are employed at the relief works. Whilst these starving people are only too glad to work, the labour market elsewhere is seriously disturbed by strikes in various minor trades—from street scavengers to boatmen and railway coolies. Colombo, Bombay, and Calcutta suffer especially, while the last city is in trouble over her sanitary condition, which is most dangerous. The refuse of the town is thrown into a salt-water marsh close to the densely-populated suburbs, and the system is likely to breed a serious epidemic.

Fishery troubles have again become acute between the UNITED STATES and the British American dominions. The American Government appear determined to seize any vessels violating a law lately passed by the Cleveland Administration, which forbids the killing of fur-bearing animals in Alaska. But even in their own country it is openly questioned whether they have any right to enforce this law in the open sea, miles away from their territory. Thus, many of the most prominent American journals condemn the seizure of the *Black Diamond*, and the *New York Herald* calls the action a Jingo policy, adding that unless Mr. Blaine can maintain the right it is "a gross violation of international law, for which the United States may have to pay heavy damages." The *Black Diamond*, with a fleet of other Canadian vessels, was sealing off Ounga Island, seventy miles from land, and was warned away by the American Revenue cutter *Rush*. She went on into Behring's Sea, however, and was there forcibly seized by the *Rush*, her cargo confiscated, and an American officer put on board to take her to Sitka. On the way the *Black Diamond* changed her course, unopposed by the American officer, and made for Victoria. A companion vessel, the *Triumph*, was boarded, but her skins were not found, so she escaped. Now the *Rush* is pursuing the other sealers, although, as the whole British Squadron in British Columbian waters has also gone to Behring's Sea, she will not find her path quite smooth. Intense indignation prevails both in Canada and British Columbia, the Washington Government being adjured to disavow or apologise for such high-handed proceedings. Troubles nearer home are not wanting. The whole town of Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, has been burnt down, like its near neighbour Seattle, which recently met with a similar calamity. Happily, no lives were lost. Forest fires have damaged Idaho and Montana, while Virginia suffers from rain and floods. The Cronin trial is fixed for August 26th. Burke, one of the accused, had a narrow escape of lynching when coming from Winnipeg to Chicago. A crowd of 500 Irish assembled at a Dakota station, and one furious individual, calling himself Cronin's cousin, tried to shoot the prisoner.

MISCELLANEOUS.—ITALY is intent on colonial matters. The troops in Abyssinia have occupied Asmara, which will afford them cool summer quarters, and open up a wide district for colonisation. The Shoa mission are on their way to Rome, where they will be received with great ceremony, their friendship being important, considering that King Menelek has victoriously occupied all Abyssinia except one province.—RUSSIA is stated to be concentrating enormous bodies of troops on the Armenian frontier. News to St. Petersburg announces that the heat in Bokhara is so terrible that the inhabitants are dying in alarming numbers.—Another terrible disaster afflicts CHINA. A fire recently raged for three days at Loochow, rendering 170,000 persons homeless, while 1,200 were burnt to death.—Hostilities have again broken out in ATCHEEEN, after the Dutch had enjoyed a year's quiet. After sixteen years' European occupation some tribes are still hostile, and these malcontents attacked a fort held by the troops. The Dutch charged the native position, and, though they took the stockade, they lost heavily, and the enemy escaped.—In SOUTH AFRICA President Krüger has promised the Cape Government Free Trade with the Transvaal if they will undertake not to extend the railway beyond Kimberley.

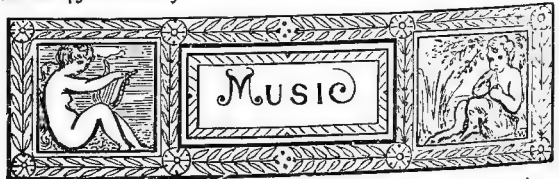
A NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF AMERICA has been erected at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, to commemorate their landing from the *Mayflower*, in 1620. The memorial consists of a huge stone figure of Faith, surrounded by smaller groups; while the pedestal is ornamented with *bas reliefs* of historical scenes relating to the Puritan exiles' first settlement in New England. The monument has taken thirty years to complete. Another memorial of the Pilgrim Fathers is the colossal statue of Captain Standish, being erected at Duxbury, Massachusetts. This statue will be the first object seen for many miles away when entering Massachusetts Bay.



ALL the members of the Royal Family now in England assembled in the Isle of Wight this week to greet the German Emperor. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters and Prince Albert Victor, steamed to the Nab in the *Osborne* to meet Emperor William, and escorted him to Trinity Pier, Cowes, where he was welcomed by Prince Henry of Battenberg as Governor of the Isle of Wight. The Queen, with Princesses Christian, Louise, and Beatrice, received the Emperor and Prince Henry of Prussia at Osborne House, and in the evening Her Majesty gave a family dinner-party, the band of the Royal Marine Artillery playing during the meal. The Emperor stayed at Osborne House, but Prince Henry of Prussia remained on board his vessel, the *Irene*. The naval inspection having been put off on Saturday through stress of weather, the Emperor and Prince Henry of Prussia simply visited the Prince and Princess of Wales on board the *Osborne*, and were present at a large dinner-party given by Her Majesty, where the guests included the Royal Family, several German Princes and Princesses, and the chief members of the Emperor's suite. Other visitors joined the Royal circle in the Drawing Room after dinner to hear a military concert. Next morning the Queen, the Emperor and his brother, and Princesses Christian and Beatrice attended Divine Service in the private chapel at Osborne, where the Bishop of Ripon officiated. Subsequently His Majesty received a deputation from the German residents in England to present an address. In the afternoon, the Emperor and Prince Henry of Prussia went on board the *Osborne*, and accompanied the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor on a private visit to the flagship *Howe*, where they took tea, the cruiser *Immortalité*, the White Star liner *Teutonic*, and the torpedo-boat 79, commanded by Prince George of Wales. The Royal party were joined by a few guests at dinner in the evening. On Monday afternoon, the Emperor inspected the British Fleet from the *Victoria* and *Albion*, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, who represented the Queen, Prince Albert Victor, and the Duke of Cambridge. The Queen herself took a short trip round the Fleet in the *Albion*, no salute being fired; and the Princess of Wales and daughters, with the other princesses, witnessed the proceedings from the *Victoria* and *Albion*. In the evening Her Majesty entertained the chief officers of the German Fleet at dinner, as well as a deputation from her new German regiment, who had been received in audience in the afternoon. On Tuesday the Queen and her guests witnessed the departure of the British Fleet for the manoeuvres; and later the Emperor accompanied the Prince of Wales on a visit to the German vessels. In the evening he was entertained at a banquet by the Royal Yacht Squadron, at the Club House, Cowes, the Prince of Wales presiding as Commodore. Wednesday was devoted to the Aldershot Review, the Emperor and Prince Henry of Prussia being escorted to and from Aldershot by the Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and a large party. The Prince of Wales was unable to go, being slightly indisposed. His Majesty returned to Osborne in the evening, and delayed his departure for a day in order to parade the sailors of the German Fleet before Her Majesty. He then bade farewell to the Queen and Royal Family on Thursday evening, and slept on board his yacht *Hohenzollern*, ready to leave early on Friday morning for Germany. The Queen remains at Osborne until the 22nd inst. before going to Wales and Scotland.

The Prince and Princess of Wales' movements have been chiefly connected with those of the German Emperor. On Sunday they attended Divine Service on board their yacht, and on Tuesday the Prince took part in the Yacht Squadron Regatta by sailing his schooner *Aline* for the Queen's Cup—unsuccessfully, however. To-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess and family will witness the Portsmouth Corinthian Club Regatta, and will attend a garden-party at Northwood House, West Cowes. At the close of next week the Prince goes to Homburg for the waters, and the Princess and daughters to stay with the Danish Royal Family at Fredensborg, probably also paying a brief visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Gmunden.

Prince Albert Victor goes to India in the P. and O. steamer *Arcadia*, and will reach Bombay by November 11th.—Princess Louise and her husband, the Duke of Fife, leave Sheen for Scotland on Monday, going first to New Mar Lodge, Braemar, and subsequently to Duff House, Banffshire.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh remain in Russia, where they have been present at the wedding festivities of Prince Peter Nicolaevitch and Princess Militza of Montenegro. The Duke has been fishing at Peterhof, and has now gone on a sporting excursion to Finland. Tuesday was his 45th birthday.



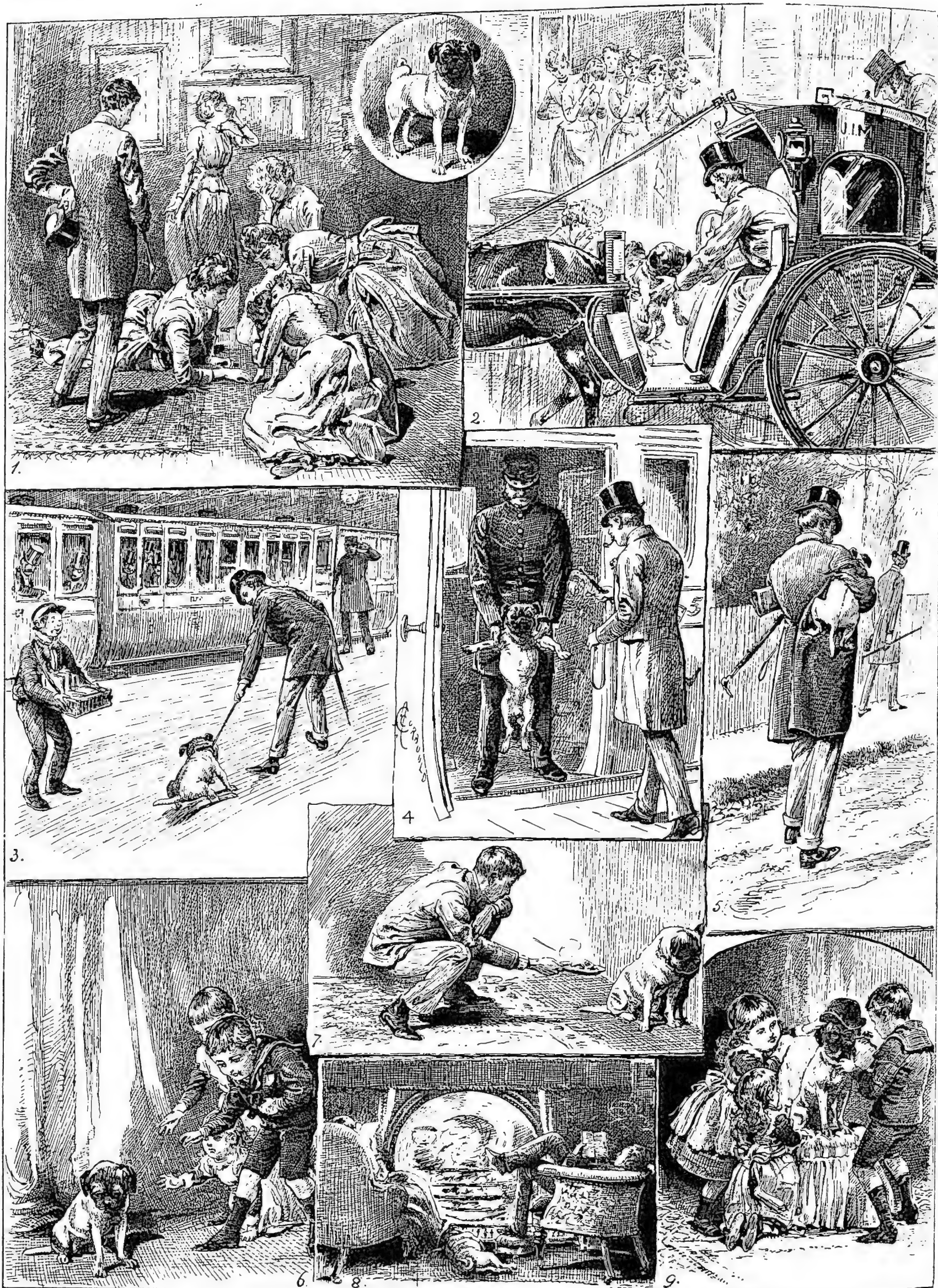
THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—There will be two series of Promenade Concerts this year, the first—that to be held at Covent Garden—commencing on Saturday of this week. There has been a change in the conductorship at these concerts, Mr. Crowe having accepted an engagement at the Alexandra Palace, and consequently being succeeded by Signor Arditi. A very strong list of vocalists, comprising many of our best concert singers, has been engaged, among them being Mesdames Valleria, Clara Samuël, Rose Hersee, Sins Patey, Tremelli, Belle Cole, and Antoinette Sterling, Messrs. Reeves, Piercy, Harley, Chilley, Ciampi, Abramoff, Barrington Foote, Foli, and others. The solo violinist will be Mr. Carrodus, and the pianists Madame Roger Miclos, Herr Frieheim, and Miss Florence Waud. The orchestra will be upon its old scale, the principal performers of last year having been again retained. Classical Wednesdays will be given as usual, and several new operatic selections will be introduced.

Her Majesty's Theatre has been entirely re-decorated for the series of Promenade Concerts which will open under the conductorship of Signor Bevnigani on the 17th. Here the performances will be of a mixed character, as two whistlers, or, as they have been with a new infant prodigy pianist and such more matured artists as Miss Antoinette Trebelli, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Gomez, Messrs. Lloyd, McKay, Maybrick, and Lawrence Kellie, have been engaged. The pianists will be M. Vladimir de Pachmann and Herr Schönberger, and the violinist M. Wolff. Great reliance will be placed upon dance music, which will be conducted by an eminent serious composer. And thus, although for some occult reason serious music is banished from this music-loving metropolis for nearly three months in the autumn, there still seems to be a good deal of competition in the purveying of music for the populace.

GLOUCESTER TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—The full programme of the Gloucester Festival has now been issued. The rehearsals will

WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.
Fine	Cloudy Slt. Rain	Fair to Rainy	Strong S. Wind Cloudy	Fine	Showerly Clear	Fine Showery
—	—	—	0.21	0.62	1.28	0.12
11	11 to 12	7 to 7	7 to 11	7	7	7

THE BODY OF THE UNFORTUNATE TOURIST lost on Goat Fell, in the Isle of Arran, has been found concealed under a rock in Glen Sannox. Whilst staying in lodgings at Inverclyde Brodick, early in July, Mr. Rose made friends with a stranger, named Annandale, and accompanied him, on July 15th, to ascend Goat Fell. An English clergyman met the pair near the summit, but Mr. Rose was never again seen alive. Annandale returned to the lodgings, and carried off his own and his companion's baggage without paying the landlady. As Mr. Rose did not reappear at the close of his holiday, his family instituted the present search, and have obtained plain proof of murder. Mr. Rose's skull was battered in, and his body plundered of everything valuable.—Nothing has yet been heard of another missing British tourist, Mr. Malcolm Macmillan, who has been lost on Mount Olympus for over five weeks. As the mountain and the whole neighbourhood have now been thoroughly scoured without finding a single trace of Mr. Macmillan, it is generally thought that he fell into the hands of brigands. A reward has been offered and promises made that if Mr. Macmillan is restored a ransom will be paid and no questions asked.—Speaking of mountaineering, Dr. Hans Meyer, the German explorer, has started on a fresh scientific expedition to Mounts Kilima-Njaro and Kenia, in Eastern Africa.



1. Being promised a pet dog by some friends, who have come to live in town and are without a garden, I call, and am asked to leave the dog for a few days, as the family must have more time for the parting
2. I call again, and capture the prize

3. "Jim" objects to trains
4. We arrive at our destination, and "Jim" is handed out by the guard
5. As he does not follow well, I decide to carry him
6. Friendly overtures at his new home are received with scorn

7. Even a cutlet will not bring his tail into curl
8. But during the evening, exhausted and melancholy, he becomes acclimatised
9. And next day settles comfortably down and makes the best of it

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1182. 1188. 1194. 1200. 1206. 1212. 1218. 1224. 1230. 1236. 1242. 1248. 1254. 1260. 1266. 1272. 1278. 1284. 1290. 1296. 1302. 1308. 1314. 1320. 1326. 1332. 1338. 1344. 1350. 1356. 1362. 1368. 1374. 1380. 1386. 1392. 1398. 1404. 1410. 1416. 1422. 1428. 1434. 1440. 1446. 1452. 1458. 1464. 1470. 1476. 1482. 1488. 1494. 1500. 1506. 1512. 1518. 1524. 1530. 1536. 1542. 1548. 1554. 1560. 1566. 1572. 1578. 1584. 1590. 1596. 1602. 1608. 1614. 1620. 1626. 1632. 1638. 1644. 1650. 1656. 1662. 1668. 1674. 1680. 1686. 1692. 1698. 1704. 1710. 1716. 1722. 1728. 1734. 1740. 1746. 1752. 1758. 1764. 1770. 1776. 1782. 1788. 1794. 1800. 1806. 1812. 1818. 1824. 1830. 1836. 1842. 1848. 1854. 1860. 1866. 1872. 1878. 1884. 1890. 1896. 1902. 1908. 1914. 1920. 1926. 1932. 1938. 1944. 1950. 1956. 1962. 1968. 1974. 1980. 1986. 1992. 1998. 2004. 2010. 2016. 2022. 2028. 2034. 2040. 2046. 2052. 2058. 2064. 2070. 2076. 2082. 2088. 2094. 2100. 2106. 2112. 2118. 2124. 2130. 2136. 2142. 2148. 2154. 2160. 2166. 2172. 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9150. 9156. 9162. 9168. 9174. 9180. 9186. 9192. 9198. 9204. 9210. 9216. 9222. 9228. 9234. 9240. 9246. 9252. 9258. 9264. 9270. 9276. 9282. 9288. 9294. 9300. 9306. 9312. 9318. 9324. 9330. 9336. 9342. 9348. 9354. 9360. 9366. 9372. 9378. 9384. 9390. 9396. 9402. 9408. 9414. 9420. 9426. 9432. 9438. 9444. 9450. 9456. 9462. 9468. 9474. 9480. 9486. 9492. 9498. 9504. 9510. 9516. 9522. 9528. 9534. 9540. 9546. 9552. 9558. 9564. 9570. 9576. 9582. 9588. 9594. 9600. 9606. 9612. 9618. 9624. 9630. 9636. 9642. 9648. 9654. 9660. 9666. 9672. 9678. 9684. 9690. 9696. 9702. 9708. 9714. 9720. 9726. 9732. 9738. 9744. 9750. 9756. 9762. 9768. 9774. 9780. 9786. 9792. 9798. 9804. 9810. 9816. 9822. 9828. 9834. 9840. 9846. 9852. 9858. 9864. 9870. 9876. 9882. 9888. 9894. 9900. 9906. 9912. 9918. 9924. 9930. 9936. 9942. 9948. 9954. 9960. 9966. 9972. 9978. 9984. 9990. 9996. 10002. 10008. 10014. 10020. 10026. 10032. 10038. 10044. 10050. 10056. 10062. 10068. 10074. 10080. 10086. 10092. 10098. 10104. 10110. 10116. 10122. 10128. 10134. 10140. 10146. 10152. 10158. 10164. 10170. 10176. 10182. 10188. 10194. 10200. 10206. 10212. 10218. 10224. 10230. 10236. 10242. 10248. 10254. 10260. 10266. 10272. 10278. 10284. 10290. 10296. 10302. 10308. 10314. 10320. 10326. 10332. 10338. 10344. 10350. 10356. 10362. 10368. 10374. 10380. 10386. 10392. 10398. 10404. 10410. 10416. 10422. 10428. 10434. 10440. 10446. 10452. 10458. 10464. 10470. 10476. 10482. 10488. 10494. 10500. 10506. 10512. 10518. 10524. 10530. 10536. 10542. 10548. 10554. 10560. 10566. 10572. 10578. 10584. 10590. 10596. 10602. 10608. 10614. 10620. 10626. 10632. 10638. 10644. 10650. 10656. 10662. 10668. 10674. 10680. 10686. 10692. 10698. 10704. 10710. 10716. 10722. 10728. 10734. 10740. 10746. 10752. 10758. 10764. 10770. 10776. 10782. 10788. 10794. 10800. 10806. 10812. 10818. 10824. 10830. 10836. 10842. 10848. 10854. 10860. 10866. 10872. 10878. 10884. 10890. 10896. 10902. 10908. 10914. 10920. 10926. 10932. 10938. 10944. 10950. 10956. 10962. 10968. 10974. 10980. 10986. 10992. 10998. 11004. 11010. 11016. 11022. 11028. 11034. 11040. 11046. 11052. 11058. 11064. 11070. 11076. 11082. 11088. 11094. 11100. 11106. 11112. 11118. 11124. 11130. 11136. 11142. 11148. 11154. 11160. 11166. 11172. 11178. 11184. 11190. 11196. 11202. 11208. 11214. 11220. 11226. 11232. 11238. 11244. 11250. 11256. 11262. 11268. 11274. 11280. 11286. 11292. 11298. 11304. 11310. 11316. 11322. 11328. 11334. 11340. 11346. 11352. 11358. 11364. 11370. 11376. 11382. 11388. 11394. 11400. 11406. 11412. 11418. 11424. 11430. 11436. 11442. 11448. 11454. 11460. 11466. 11472. 11478. 11484. 11490. 11496. 11502. 11508. 11514. 11520. 11526. 11532. 11538. 11544. 11550. 11556. 11562. 11568. 11574. 11580. 11586. 11592. 11598. 11604. 11610. 11616. 11622. 11628. 11634. 11640. 11646. 11652. 11658. 11664. 11670. 116

(Continued from page 175.)

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has the best paper in this month's *Nineteenth Century*, "A Breakfast Party in Paris." This morning meal, with its brisk and lively conversationalists, was partaken of at the house of Dr. Leblanc, a well-known physician of the Panthéon district, a Member of the Municipal Council, a very popular ex-Mayor, and a stout Republican. The main topic of conversation was the Exhibition; and the talkers wound up with Boulanger—a subject which put an end to all coherent remark.—Mr. Atherley-Jones, M.P., is significantly pessimist about the prospects of his own—the Gladstonian—party. "Apart," he admits, "from the powerful personality of Mr. Gladstone, the exclusion of the Liberal party from power seems likely to be indefinitely prolonged—unless, indeed, the leaders adequately recognise the transformation of the old into the new Liberalism, and adapt their policy to the requirements of the people."—Sir Joseph Fayer supplies much information, statistical and other, about "The Deadly Wild Beasts of India;" and Professor Geffcken, on "The French in Germany," gives reason why our neighbours should see that their rivals only squared accounts in the last war. The *revanche*, of course, is therefore superfluous.—Those who care to watch the slaying of the slain can read Lord Brabourne on "Mr. Gladstone's Plain Speaking."

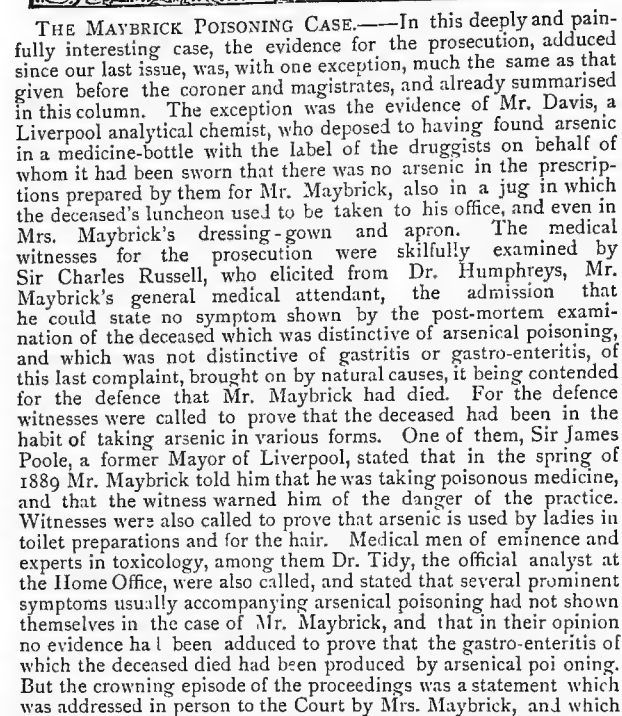
The opening article in the *Contemporary* is entitled "The Papacy: A Revelation and a Prophecy." It treats largely of the late mission of Monsignor Persico. If the Pope is compelled to fly from Rome, so much the better, according to this sympathetic writer, for "in that hour when those who hate the Church fill the air with insult and exultation, and when those who love her more in her accidents than in her essence are abased to the dust with humiliation and shame, then to the eye of faith the enforced Hegira of the Pope from the Latin to the English world will be regarded as the supreme affirmation of the providential mission of the Church—a new Divine commission for her to undertake on a wider basis the great task of rebuilding the City of God."—Mr. Frederic Harrison describes with vigour and effect a striking historical episode of the past in "The Centenary of the Bastille;" while Mr. Henry Dunckley, LL.D., puts very clearly the questions involved in the phrases "The Civil List and Royal Grants."

Mr. Karl Blind writes in the *Fortnightly* a most instructive and well-informed paper on "Mr. Gladstone and the Civilised World." He makes clear the large ignorance of the ex-Premier of the facts in connection with the European "Home-Rule" institutions, of which he is so fond of descanting. It is impossible to deal adequately with the detailed argument here; but it may be commended to the study of anxious politicians. Mr. Gladstone, when in Naples, was distinctly informed as to what is thought of his Irish policy by Italians. He was told that "Italian Liberals, who were amongst his warmest admirers, entertained feelings of uneasiness and fear on account of his propaganda for Home Rule which, if carried, would make Ireland a tool in the hands of the Pope, and of every enemy of England."—"The Fortress of Paris" is a useful article on a subject which the coming war will make of the first importance and interest.—There is an admirable essay on "Giordano Bruno," by Mr. Walter Pater. Of the features of the heresiarch he writes thus finely: "Lit up in the agitation of speaking by many a harsh or scornful beam, yet always sinking, in moments of repose, to an expression of high-bred melancholy, it was a face that looked after all made for suffering—already half-pleading; half-defiant—as of a creature you could hurt, but to the last never shake a hair's-breadth from its estimate of yourself."

The *National Review* is scarcely up to its average level even though Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent gives us a glimpse of our capital just after the accession of Charles II., in "London in the Seventeenth Century," which is not altogether dull reading.

In the *New Review*, M. Flourens supplies us with a graphic sketch of "The Relations between France and Russia since 1871," from which it would also appear that England very materially assisted in putting a stop to German designs for the utter humiliation of France.—"Talk and Talkers of To-day" concerns itself with Mr. Goschen, Mr. Labouchere, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Acton, Sir Charles Bowen, Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Henry James, and Sir Frederick Leighton. With reference to this last-named gentleman this writer says:—"A little girl at Oxford once exclaimed in admiration of a preacher at St. Mary's: 'Oh, mamma, what a lot of adjectives he knows.' If ever she has the pleasure of meeting Sir Frederick at dinner, she will see cause to modify her earlier enthusiasm, and will learn that the President of the Royal Society can speak as sweetly as he paints."—There are "Two Views of the German Emperor," one that of Mr. Pountney Bigelow, the other represents the opinions of an anonymous person. The first is honest, straightforward, and well-informed.—Mr. Tighe Hopkins is to be read on "The New Treasure Hunt."

There is a capital picture of aquatic and seaside Dutch life supplied in *Blackwood* with "The Cruise of the *Chrysalis* in Holland, Friesland, and on Zuyder Zee."—"The Roll of Battle : A Romance of Feudalism," a *résumé* of the Duchess of Cleveland's recent work, "The Battle Abbey Roll, with Some Account of Norman Lineages," is capitally done.

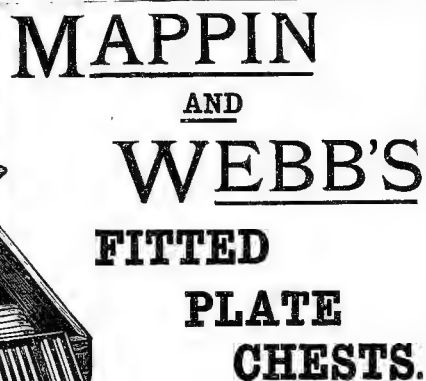


the Judge only with reluctance allowed her to make. She wished, she said, mainly to speak of the fly-papers (from which she had been charged with extracting arsenic) and of the bottle of meat-essence (for her husband's use) into which, it was alleged, she had surreptitiously introduced the arsenic undoubtedly found in it. She had learned, she said, from young friends in Germany, the use of a solution partly derived from fly-papers, and applied to the face, and she had bought the fly-papers in question to prepare a cure for an eruption on her face. As regards the meat-essence—which, it will be remembered, the nurses took care that Mr. Maybrick did not have administered to him—she declared that it was at her husband's earnest request that she had placed in the bottle some "white powder," which she did not, until after his death, know to be arsenic. Sir Charles Russell, in his speech for the defence, urged, with his usual ability, all the points which have been mentioned as favourable to the prisoner. Mr. Justice Stephen began on Tuesday his summing up and finished it on Wednesday. He laid some stress on the passage in the prisoner's letter to Brierley in which she spoke of her husband as "sick unto death," while the account given by the doctors was exactly the opposite. He criticised Mrs. Maybrick's statement respecting the white powder and the meat solution, remarking that Sir Charles Russell had, in his cross-examination of the witnesses, touched little on this part of the case. On the whole, and though Mr. Justice Stephen did not fail to point out weak points in the case for the prosecution, his summing-up was unfavourable to the prisoner. He finished up at eighteen minutes after three, and the jury having retired, returned at 3.50 with a verdict of Guilty. The unhappy woman bent forward in her chair burying her face in her hands. When called on to say why sentence of death should not be passed on her, she protested that she was innocent of the crime of murder, whatever her guilt in regard to Mr. Brierley might have been. The Judge then passed sentence of death in the usual form, without giving any opinion of his own on the verdict. The prisoner bowed her head, and stood at the dock-rail until she was touched by the female warder, when, turning round, she walked firmly down the dock-steps.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MURDER CASE was that recently tried at Hertford before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, when a boy, only in his fifteenth year, a shoemaker's son, was convicted of killing his sister by striking her repeated blows on the head with his father's hammer. The only reason assigned by the youthful homicide was, that his sister had "nagged him so," and had called him "toss-eye." Evidence for the defence was adduced to prove him virtually insane. But in the opinion of a medical prison-officer, though of low mental power, he was able to distinguish right from wrong. The jury, strongly recommending him to mercy, found him guilty of manslaughter only, and Lord Coleridge sentenced him to ten years' penal servitude.

A JEWISH GENTLEMAN left 1,800*l.* to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, to be applied to building a synagogue and a school in Jerusalem. The Baron renounced the bequest as insufficient for the purpose. Mr. Justice Kay has granted an application that the money should be devoted to aid the funds of what is known as the Baron Lionel de Rothschild's School, near the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem, at which the service is Jewish, and which is managed by a committee of Jewish gentlemen in this country, of whom Lord Rothschild is one.

AN AGED MALTSTER'S LABOURER in Norfolk died intestate, leaving 2,000*l.* in gold, and his children came before Mr. Justice Chitty asking to have the money divided among them. Their father had told them that it was to be theirs, and that it represented his savings. The Judge made an order for the equitable division of the sum. On his making the natural inquiry how a man, say with 15*s.* a-week, could in, say fifty years, save about 2,000*l.*, no answer was given.



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WHAT to GIVE for a PRESENT?
—Few Art manufactures offer such a large selection of articles combining novelty and beauty, with lasting use, as CHINA and GLASS, and fewer still give so much for so little! Special list on application.—ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39, Ludgate Hill. (Established 1862)

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless Skin Powder. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and instantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Send 14 or 36 penny stamps. **MOST INVARIABLE.** J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.



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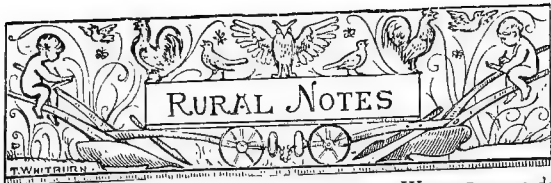


PRINCE (*log.*): "Try a glass of Old Bushmills Whiskey, your Majesty? It is the Whiskey all connoisseurs drink."

"BUSHMILLS" is the purest and most healthful Whiskey produced, being made entirely from the finest procurable malt, and is never sent out from the distillery until thoroughly matured. Its flavour is unique, partaking partly of the Lowland Scotch, and partly of the best known Irish makes.

All Whiskey drinkers should try "BUSHMILLS," which is now recommended by doctors in cases of gout and rheumatism as the most healthful drink.

"BUSHMILLS" can be obtained at the Army and Navy and other Stores; at the Hotel Metropole, Hotel Victoria, and all First Class Hotels; at the best Wine Merchants; and at all Spiers and Pond's Buffets. If you have any difficulty in procuring it, write to the London Agent, FRED. J. KING, 3 to 6, Camomile Street, E.C.



THE SEASON COQUETS WITH SUMMER AND WINTER, some days being genial and warm, others rough, with wind, rain, and wintry aspects. August has been already quite hysterical in its changes from brightness to gloom; and harvest fields, shining one day in gladness, the next have been soaked under a tropical rainfall. Wheat in stook may be seen in Middlesex, Surrey, and Oxfordshire, next to fields of grass not yet made into hay. Harvest first-fruits, in the shape of new wheat samples rubbed out by hand, have already appeared in Mark Lane. As regards maturity, the crops are now at a normal date, whilst last season they were three weeks late. Field-peas were shown at Peterborough Market July 27th, where, in 1888, they first appeared on August 25th. A loaf of new wheaten bread was under our criticism on Saturday, August 3rd, and in colour and quality was fair. Like all bread made from English fresh wheat, it was very sweet. The early soil and climate of Chichester have furnished first Talavera and White samples, but in most districts of the home counties corn harvest has made a commencement in the past week.

"WHAT TO SEE IN A WEEK?" was the question asked by an Italian nobleman, of great name, now on an agricultural visit to England. The answer was—1, Go and see Sir John Lawes's farm and laboratory; 2, See at Woburn the Duke of Bedford's experimental farms, superintended by the R. A. S. E.; 3, See the Dairy Farm at Finchley and Sudbury, or at Horsham in Sussex; 4, Attend Mr. Treadwell's sales of sheep on Wednesday, and 5, Mr. Brassey's sale at Aylesford on Thursday; 6, Go to Sandringham and view the cattle, horses, sheep, and farm practice that Mr. Beck will show you,—and if our Italian visitor sees all these, and in his journeyings sees the harvest-fields being cut and cleared, he will not fail to have a notion of English agriculture.

THE FOLLOWING ESTIMATE of the prospects of harvest is from a Lincolnshire Vicar, who, as an old practical farmer and observer of rural life, sends us notes:—"The variable spring and summer has not been favourable to the rich lands of our district. Beans and peas are a good crop, except that peas have suffered from wire-worm, slug, and a variable temperature. The hardy grey peas are good. Of turnip-seed the crop is large and good, and mustard-seed is also good. Wheat is a fairly good crop, damaged in July by mildew, as all the heavy crops, and many of the light ones, were laid by the midsummer rains. Barley, which promised well, is knocked about, and though a good crop will not here be of malting quality. Potatoes have suffered from alternate drought and wet, and on stiff soils will not be of good quality. Oats are good, but much laid; and though they will not suffer in value like barley, they will not be so good a sample as in good seasons. Root-crops are all good, and the present hot weather (August 2nd) will bring some grand mangolds. Fruit, after great promise, is a very partial crop; apples much blighted, and pears below their usual excellence. The late-blossoming plums are a good crop. Gooseberries showed well, but cold and wet rotted the berries when of the size of beans. Cucumbers under frames suffer from disease. All other garden produce is good. My sunflowers, last year 12 feet high, and in 1887 13 feet 10 inches (as the writer saw them), will this season only reach 7 to 8 feet."

OTHER HARVEST ESTIMATES are being collected officially by

the Agricultural Journals and Corn Trade Lists. The *Miller* has several useful returns, all under dates of three days, and the *Agricultural Gazette* has issued the opinions of its correspondents, whilst for *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, the schedules of inquiry are amongst the farmers. Accordingly as the weather alternates, the harvest estimates are likely to be very variable. The percentages given by the *Agricultural Gazette* are very emphatic—too much so, many persons will suppose; as, omitting returns giving an average, there are:—

	Above Average.	Under Average.
Wheat	48.6	8.7
Barley	25.5	24.5
Oats	27.5	26.5
Beans	21.6	44.8
Peas	22.2	31.6
Hay	89.0	0.5
Potatoes	56.7	8.3
Turnips	48.3	8.4
Mangolds	44.1	16.7

Therefore, wheat, hay, and roots are all large crops, and beans and peas poor crops. Barley and oats an ordinary yield. Great reserve must be given to the above verdict; first because of its early date; and next, because, in 1888, the wheat crop was returned 71.5 under an average, whereas farmers have since threshed out and marketed a full average quantity.

AS THE HARVEST SUBJECT is just now "topical" another note is added. A correspondent of the *Field* gave an estimate that the value of grass (including nearly 5,000,000 acres of clover, &c., under rotation, and 16,000,000 of permanent pasture) from this season's extra crop should be 100,000,000 sterling! This quotient has attracted the notice of politicians and agriculturists, as it is found the total value of the corn crops as estimated in a daily contemporary by an experienced authority is only 68,000,000, from about 9,000,000 acres of cereals—in wheat 16,000,000, barley 13,000,000, oats 24,000,000, straw of the crops 15,000,000—or total 68,000,000, against the 100,000,000 of grass!

AT THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Wednesday, July 31st, the accounts of the Windsor Show exhibited the following result. With over 10,000 prize money, and 15,000 expenses, &c., &c., the outcomings would be more than the incomings by 5,000 to 6,000. The number of members has increased to over eleven thousand.

WHEAT STOCKS, August 1st, in America, on passage, in the United Kingdom in Odessa, French, and German ports, were estimated at seven millions and a-half quarters, against 9,700,000 quarters held in 1888.

THE HOP CROP is expected to be only half an average yield over a large proportion of the gardens.

"UNFIT FOR SERVICE"

MR. CHARLTON'S picture represents the scene which takes place when the horses of some Cavalry or Artillery Regiment are undergoing an inspection. At this inspection, which is generally performed by the officer in command of the district, all the horses are examined, and those which are no longer fit for service are "cast," that is, disposed of in some way or other—usually by being sold—to end their days as civilians. A charger who has, perhaps, served his country well is thus condemned to run in some tradesman's cart, or drag loads of coals. Those who have the care of such horses should remember how, by no fault of their own, they have fallen from their former honourable estate, and should, in their years of inevitable decline, treat them with kindness and consideration.

"BALL-ROOM DIFFERENCES"

THE scenes here depicted (by Mr. C. W. Cole, R.N.) are at those balls which are redolent of the garrison or the quarter deck, and at which naval and military officers are the principal performers. In the civilian world the veteran would be unable to ride roughshod over the youngster as he here does under the whole-some influence of discipline. In one case, the luckless subaltern has to surrender his pet lamb (Miss Lamb); in the other, he is placed in charge of the old boy's wife and daughter in order that he may indulge in the wild dissipation of whist. The word "difference," too, pervades the series of drawings; there is a difference between the heroes who loudly discuss ordnance; there is a difference, as Miss Sharp kindly indicates to Lieutenant Lackland, between the former fall and the present one, men then being scarce, but now numerous; there is a difference between the sensations of the two fair creatures, one of whom wants an ice because she is hot, the other a cup of coffee because she is cold; and there is a difference between having had your arm damaged by the Dervishes in the Soulan and carrying it in a sling from vaccinatory exigencies, as the young officer frankly admits.

THE ADVENTURES OF "JIM"

THE pug is a dog of an extremely affectionate disposition, that is to say, he is exceedingly susceptible to the pleasures of being petted; and when "Jim" found himself torn away from a large family of young ladies who had worshipped him with the utmost devotion, and handed over to a young man whom he only knew as an occasional visitor, no wonder his feelings were deeply hurt. His indignation was aggravated by the fact that the pretext for his banishment was of the most frivolous character, just because in the new town-house they had no garden. No one had ever taken the trouble to ask "Jim" if a garden was absolutely necessary for his happiness. Accordingly at first he sulked finely, and his new master found him an awkward handful to manage, but at last he became reconciled, when a new band of (extremely juvenile) idlers fell down and worshipped him.

"DEFIANCE"

COURTING and fighting are very closely allied. Even human beings are aware that the course of true love does not always run smooth, but the difficulties and rivalries which would otherwise cause endless trouble are lessened by the existence in all communities—civilised or savage—of some code of marital regulations. Among the brute creation it is not so, and, unless man interferes by artificial arrangements, the law of the strongest prevails. The conqueror in the fight or fights which ensue has first choice among the ladies. The deer tribe are usually a gentle, inoffensive set of creatures, but they can be desperately pugnacious when matrimonial engagements are pending; and if buck meets buck at such a juncture, horns on the green are not an unlikely sequel. Mr. Kröner's picture recalls a somewhat similar incident of Sir Edwin Landseer's, entitled "The Challenge." Thirty years ago the engraving was extremely popular.

NOTE.—In our Wedding Number, published last week, we accidentally omitted to mention that the dress-case for H.R.H. the Princess Louise of Wales was made by Mr. Alfred Clark, of 20, Old Bond Street, W.

NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"WHO BEST CAN SUFFER BEST CAN DO."—Milton.

The Victorian Reign is unparalleled in the History of Great Empires for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!

ABOVE ALL!!!

A FEARLESS DEVOTION TO DUTY AND UNFLINCHING TRUTHFULNESS!

THE QUEEN'S PRIZE!

The Conditions laid down by the QUEEN for the Prize given by HER MAJESTY to the Marine Boys are these:—

Cheerful Submission to Superiors; Self-respect and Independence of Character; Kindness and Protection to the Weak; Readiness to Forgive Offence; a Desire to Conciliate the Differences of others; and, above all, Fearless Devotion to Duty and Unflinching Truthfulness.

"Such principles, if evoked and carried into action, would produce an almost perfect moral character IN EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE."—SMILES.

SHAKESPEARE AND DUTY:

THE PIVOT OF DUTY—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE; WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

What Higher Duty can Man attain, than Conquest over Human Pain?

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents and cures fevers, acute inflammatory diseases, and removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.—"Dear Sir,—Having taken your 'FRUIT SALT' for many years, I think it right to tell you I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures. I am never without a bottle of it in the house. It possesses three most desirable qualities—pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after-effects." "A DEVONSHIRE LADY." "January 25th, 1889."

THE GREAT DANGER OF POISONOUS ANILINE DYES, SUGAR, PINK, OR CHEMICALLY COLOURED SHERBET.

Experience shows that sugar, aniline dyes, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandy are all very apt to disorganise light white wines and gin, or old whiskey, largely diluted with seltzer water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON.

"During the Afghan War we were before Kandahar, and had been reconnoitring the enemy's position with Colonel M——'s splendid Cavalry regiment, when, to our merriment, the Colonel produced a bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' 'Take,' he said, 'an old soldier's advice; so, to please him, we did. We emptied the bottle. And Colonel M—— gave another bottle to P——'s men. We certainly slept soundly that night, and woke fresh as paint. Two days afterwards the Colonel said at mess, 'You fellows laughed at me about ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' but it was mainly through that stuff I gave you you did such splendid deeds that day. Personally,' said the Colonel, 'I never felt better, and so do the officers of my regiment, and we were ready to encounter half-a-dozen Ayooobs.' After that the Colonel was always called 'Old Eno.'"

From "MESS STORIES" by PROTEUS, pp. 126-127, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, 1889.

The value of "ENO'S FRUIT SALT" cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose, without it Life is a Sham.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations, immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the capsule is marked ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally a Poisonous imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



To our Readers.

THIS exquisite illustration, which is perhaps the most artistic study yet produced in the form of an advertisement, depicts

Health Crowning Beauty.

HEALTH, ever ready to admire, is disclosing the all important secret that to retain her charms, and enjoy the blessings of their possession, BEAUTY must avail herself of those provisions which science has discovered to repel or cure disorders, the *premier* of which is

BEECHAM'S PILLS

A Wonderful Medicine, and justly worthy of its Enormous Popularity.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

TRADE MARK

BEECHAM'S PATENT PILLS.
SEHELENS LANCASHIRE

WITHOUT A RIVAL

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

F.S. & M. WALKER DEL. THE LEADENHALL PRESS SCULP.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BOUILLABAISSE

COMING to Marseilles one day, we told the driver of the cabriolet to drive us to the Café Reupion, on the seashore. The man expanded into a grin from ear to ear. "Bouillabaisse, bouillabaisse!" he shouted, as he cracked the whip. Reupion's chateau-like *café*, almost at the commencement of the Corniche Road, overlooks the bay that boasts Monte Cristo and other islands. There was quite a row of carriages outside the grounds of the hotel. The inmates all come to eat bouillabaisse. It is the great Provençal fish dinner. It can be found at the best hotels all along the French Riviera, and, properly speaking, it can be found nowhere else. And of all the hotels Reupion's is the proper *habitat* for it. The Marseilles people profess to export it to less happy regions, but it is impossible to see how such a dish can bear transportation. They profess to give it to you at Paris, but those who are considered authorities on such subjects in Paris confess candidly that it is only to be got properly on the shores of the Mediterranean, and especially at Marseilles.

I should despair of giving an adequate idea of this remarkable dish, as they make it at Reupion's. They once showed me at Galina's a collection of books, portions of which bore upon this great subject. The regular recipe is of great length, and contains some thirty ingredients. This is the way they do it at Marseilles. I found it in simpler form at Nice during the season of the Battle of Flowers. There is a bastard form of it which is made from codfish on some parts of the French coast, and in some parts of the interior they make it of a freshwater fish, both of which are heretical forms of bouillabaisse. The basis of the dish consists of shell-fish, prawns, crayfish, crab, or lobster. With these there are whittings, or other fish, cut up transversely. I am very much afraid that all the fish are cut up alive, but this view of the matter is too painful for contemplation. Then there is a mystic sauce, served up separately, with bread or toast, in which the culinary genius of France finds abundant scope, and which, in the opinion of many, is more important than the fish itself. It is boiled long, and on a slow fire—whence the name. The wonderful thing is, that with all these combinations the dish is really light and wholesome, and causes no subsequent pangs of repentance. Thackeray has a famous song, "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse," in which he enumerates some of the ingredients of the sauce:—

The bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup or broth or brew,
Or hotch-potch of all sorts of fishes
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace.
All these you eat at Terré's Tavern,
In one dish of bouillabaisse.

It is much to be regretted that Thackeray does not seem to have any knowledge of the dish in its proper form. I find no traces of his visiting the places on the Riviera, where alone it is to be found in perfection. He says he found it at an inn in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. I could find no traces of it in that celebrated street. They told me at one place there that there was very little demand for it in Paris, and then only in the winter. In all the hostleries of the Paris Exposition it might be sought for in vain. I have not heard of it there.

But this poem of Thackeray's on the "Bouillabaisse" is one of the most autobiographical of his poems, and has a tender interest. How much the two last verses tell us of that *mens divini* which gleams through all his satire. Those who know his private history best, who know the side of his character presented to us for instance in his "Letters to Mrs. Brookfield," will best interpret the two last verses of the ballad:—

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
—There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink on as the Fates ordain it,
Come, fill it and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it.
In memory of the dear old times,
Welcome the wine, whatever the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whatever the meal is
—Here comes the smoking bouillabaisse.

I must own that my interest in bouillabaisse is, like Thackeray's, merely a sentimental interest. If my readers think that I am an authority on the subject, I am afraid I have deceived them, for I have merely looked on it *more meo* from the literary point of view. My own associations with it belong to some of the brightest days and sunniest nooks of the Riviera. Yes, we are to have a thorough holiday. We go through the woods of olive, the lemon and orange groves, we come to the lighthouse, we take a boat on the bay, and when the evening is about to set in suddenly, we are to go to the seaside hotel and have bouillabaisse for a light dinner. There are kindly friends and graceful forms, and that which of all earthly scenery must come nearest Paradise, which give a flavour beyond the famous sauce to the bouillabaisse. Let me recall one day in particular.

In my copy of Murray I found rather a taking paragraph recommending the traveller to stay at "Gianetta's homely locanda, and partake of bouillabaisse." He mentions, with some deprecation, a new hotel—the Victoria. But, alas for the whirligig of time! Gianetta and her locanda have disappeared; the new hotel has become the old one, and is threatened by a fresh aspirant—the Hotel de Paris. There are several restaurants, and bouillabaisse is everywhere the great feature. They could not give it to me in the evening at the Hotel de Paris; explained to me that it ought to be ordered early, and is best partaken of at *déjeuner*. At the Victoria they gave me some that was very good, and in other respects made me very comfortable. Yet this hotel is considerably abused. Baedeker calls it "dear," and Murray calls it "pretentious." I mentioned this circumstance to the landlady, who was quite superior to the power of the Press. She told me that she had never read the remark, and refused to look at my handbook, explaining that she was no scholar, and was totally unable to read anything. Indeed, in these affluent days there are many travellers to whom the mention that an hotel is expensive constitutes a positive attraction.

Strolling along the shore of the bay, I very soon came to pleasant Beaulieu. Here Lord Salisbury has bought a considerable property. The carriage entrance will be on the grand route from Villa Franca to Monte Carlo. He has purchased it from a Villafraña gentleman named Olmi, from whence the house has the name of the villa. He has occasionally used the villa, but his intention is to build a large new edifice, and he is beginning to construct the necessary paths and roads. Lord Salisbury has chosen his site with much judgment. The English people who go to Beaulieu keep very much to the lower ground and to the shore. Unfortunately, there is often a very good reason for this, in the incapacity to walk any length or climb any height. I ascended the hill to the frontier of the new estate. It is a communal path, breaking off from the main road, wandering very much after the fashion of an English lane, but with a natural wealth that no English lane can emulate; for this is one of the prettiest bits of the famous region known as *la petite Afrique*, which has a climate much warmer than Nice, which is only a few miles off to the west, and which is the commencement of the Riviera, a general name for the seaboard, which is now generally appropriated to the seaboard protected by the Maritime Alps.

The arboricultural abundance is extraordinary. Looking down from Lord Salisbury's grounds, a whole waving forest of olives stretches down the slope, and all along the peninsula of Ospicio, separating the twin-bay of that name, with its lighthouse, on the extremity. Just in front of these grounds the forest dips suddenly into a deep ravine. Besides the ever-present olive, we have orange and lemon-trees, pistachio trees, the noble carouba or St. John's-bread tree, and the very hedges have a profusion of roses which almost rival the cultivated treasures of English gardens. Lord Salisbury and his family had been staying both at Monte Carlo and at Beaulieu, and I think he has shown a sound moral and a sound æsthetic sense in giving his preference to Beaulieu. Moreover, it is a strategic position which will give him the command of any amount of bouillabaisse. I hope he will live to enjoy many a good dish of it.

F. A.

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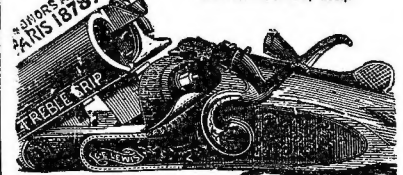
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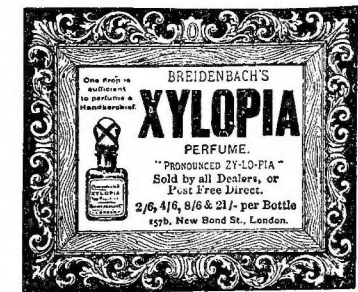
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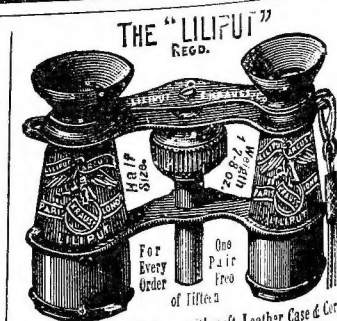
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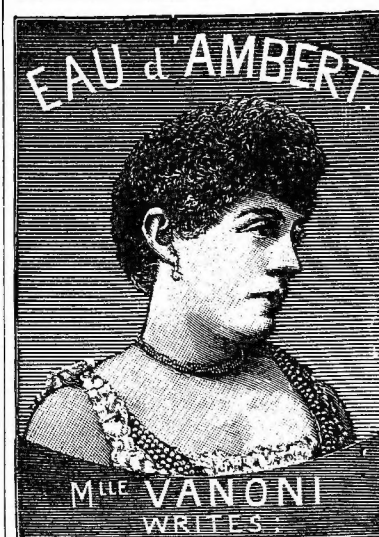
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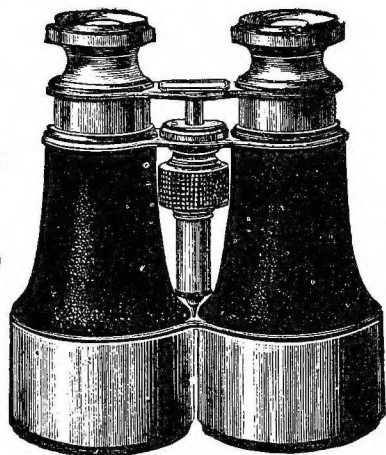
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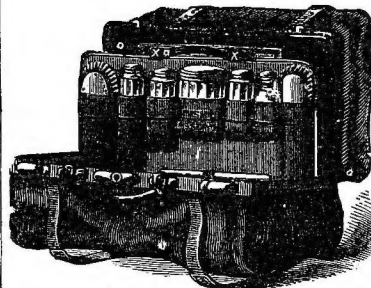


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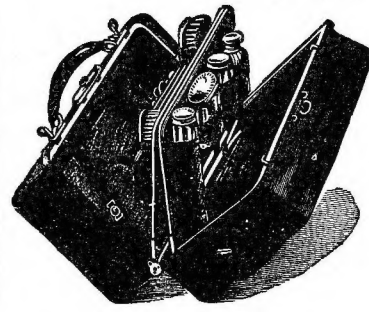
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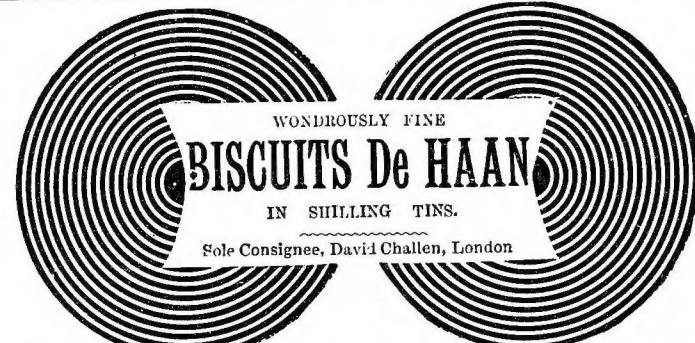
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Dear Sir.—We congratulate you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself, not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is to be found in the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, and a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribed and patient alike.

We are, Sir, faithfully yours,
J. T. DAVENPORT, F.R.S., F.R.C.S.,
Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain.
His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

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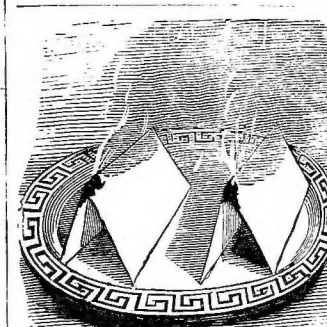
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